Vol. CXVI.—No. 1506] OCTOBER 26, 1932 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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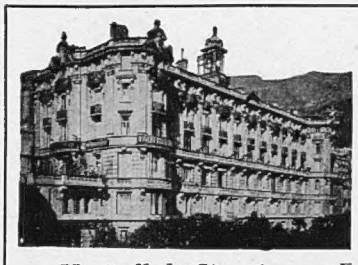

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The BYSTANDER

Edmund Harrington

THE LADY BRIDGET PARSONS

One of the latest portraits of the Earl of Rosse's attractive sister. Their father, the late Earl, was killed in the war ; their mother, who is Sir Kenelm Lister-Kaye's sister, is Lady de Vesci

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

THE MAHARAJA OF RAJPIPLA'S party was certainly the event of the week, if not of the year. Acceptances had to be sent to the Military Secretary, and he must have received a hundred per cent. of them. It was a real pre-slump affair. Beginning at 11 o'clock, it went on until six o'clock in the morning, and would have continued longer if some too-inquisitive guest had not drawn the blinds and let in the full light of the sun.

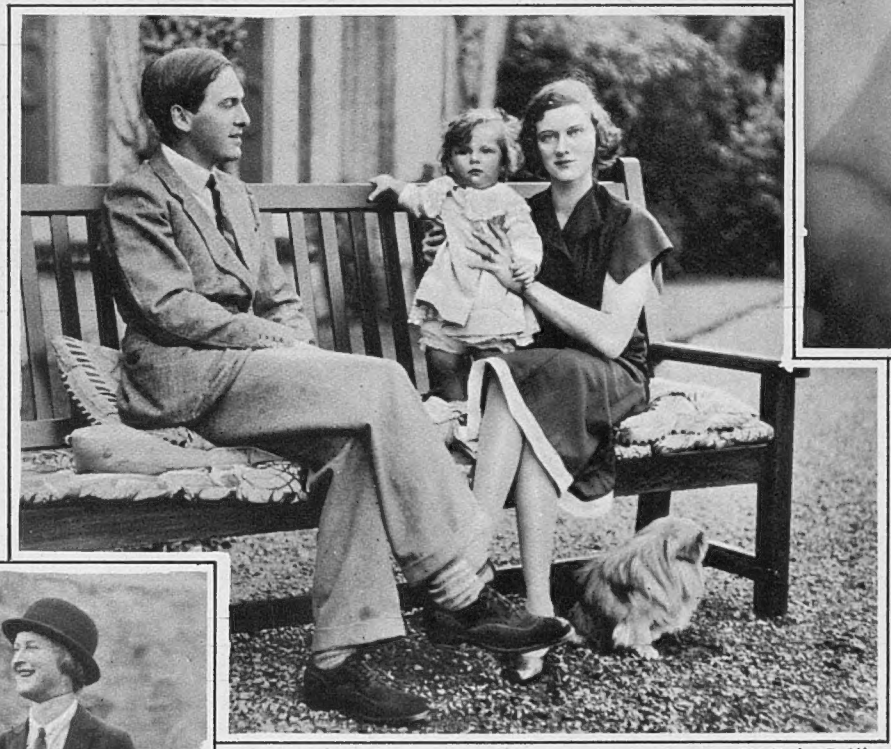
IT was a remarkable mixture of guests. At my table, where I was at first accompanied by Mr. Cecil Latta and Lady Bridget Poulett, the other chairs were taken successively by Amy Johnson and Jim Mollison, Kathleen Lady Drogheda and Garry Marsh, Steve Donoghue and George Duller, Lady Poulett and Lord Westmorland. Steve Donoghue discussed Gordon Richards, who had been an apprentice of his; Lady Poulett wondered why the waiter asked her whether she would have sweet champagne or dry; Amy Johnson talked about Beverley Nicholls; Lord Westmorland talked about three taxicab drivers with whom he had spent the earlier part of the evening; Kathleen Lady Drogheda talked of *Versailles*, by Emil Ludwig.

LORD NORTHESK and his wife were up from the country, where they rusticate near Windsor. Lord Portarlington was saying what a purgatory it was to stand for ten days on a stand at the Motor Show at Olympia, as he had been doing, watching the people go by or answering their often inane questions. Sir Robert Throckmorton the sleepy baronet, said he had arrived in London that day. Well, he did not get to bed until the next, and that was in the wrong bed at the Guards' Club.

CHARLES SWEENEY, having recovered from a three weeks'

Mrs. Graeme

Above: Mrs. Graeme Ogden is the lovely wife of Mr. William Graeme Ogden, and Julia is their small daughter; she was christened at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans being one of her godparents. Mrs. Graeme Ogden is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Faber



V. Poole, Dublin

In Ireland

Lord and Lady Dufferin and Ava photographed with their small daughter, Lady Caroline Blackwood, at Clandboye, their Ulster home; they were over there recently for some weeks

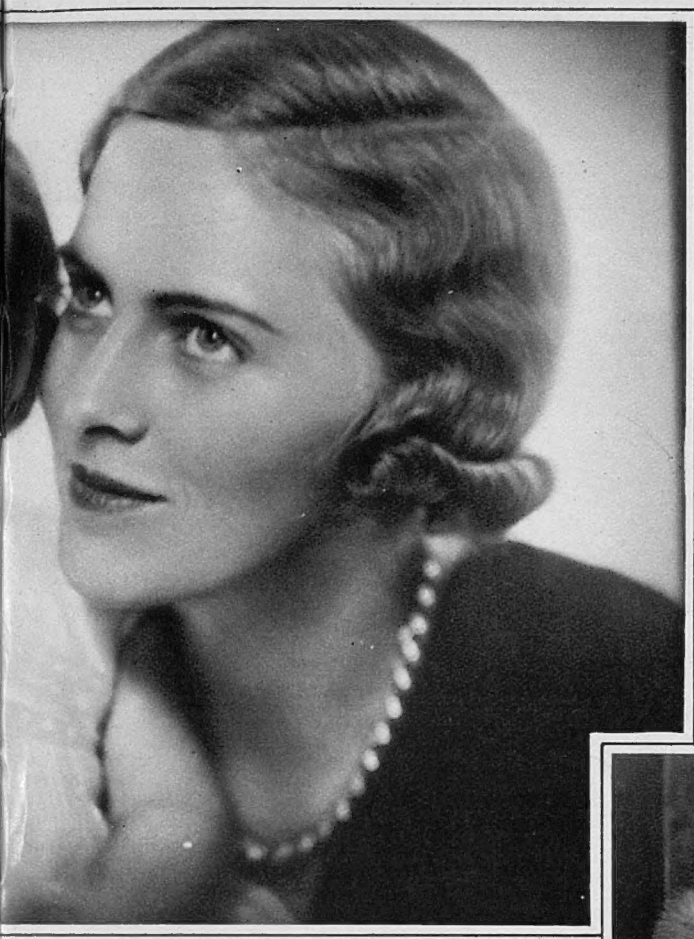
A Meet at the Meet

At the opening meet of the Oxford University Drag Hounds: Mrs. Philip Kindersley and Miss Elizabeth Oldfield

Society at Sandown:

Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor and Colonel Peter Combe walking over to the paddock together

Captain and Mrs Drummond also making their way paddock-wards to see what is running

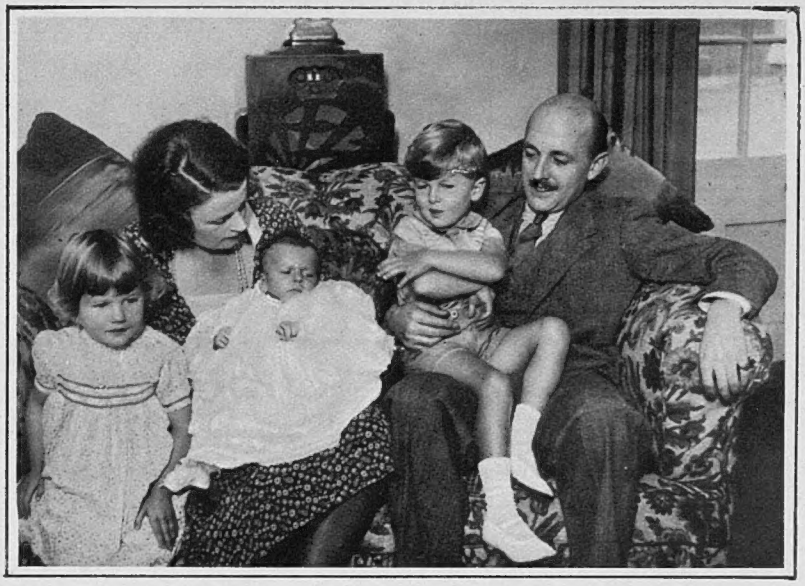


Lenare

Ogden and Julia

bout of 'flu, was looking for victims at golf. He is now in the Charterhouse Investment Trust. Miss Margaret Whigham was thinking about her birthday on December 1, when she will be twenty; Captain Joliffe said that Copra ought to win next time out; Marion Harris was almost unrecognisable now she has gone platinum blonde; Lord Warwick and "Eddie" Tatham were rather worried at the report that there was an article about them in the current number of the *New Yorker*.

SUZANNE PLATT and Elizabeth Jenns got the unofficial first prize for good looks; Tommy Graves talked of Nash's; Prince Ali Khan danced; Frances Day showed up; Douglas Byng sang; earnest people rattled rattles, blew trumpets, and pricked balloons with cigarette-ends. The host walked a little



A. V. Swaebe

Family Party

Sir Humphrey and Lady Rose at Rayners, their Roehampton home, with their three children, Peter, who is four, Peticia, aged three, and Susan, who was born this year. Lady Rose, before her marriage in 1927, was Miss Joan Richardson, daughter of the late Dr. Richardson

L.N.A.

Left: Lady Mount Temple and Mr. H. Nicholls photographed at the first night of "Versailles," Emil Ludwig's Peace Conference play at the Kingsway Theatre

The Camera Goes Round Selecting Winners

Miss Angela Villiers and her sister, Miss Stella Villiers, favoured checks, as they say

And Lady Ainsworth, Sir Thomas Ainsworth's wife, and Miss McCall both favoured fox furs

While the Countess of Essex, Mrs. Kenneth Gibson, Mrs. Curzon Howe, and Miss Mary Windsor Lewis discuss whether the favourite shall be favoured with their bets

Left: Five members of the committee who are running the ball and cabaret for the Ivory Cross Dental Aid Fund which takes place on November 3 at Grosvenor House: Mrs. Dickson Moyse, Mrs. Norman Freudenthal, Mrs. Claude Partridge, Miss Pamela Nicholl, and, sitting in front, Lady Diana Wellesley

THE death of Cora, Lady Strafford, the other day distressed a very large number of people. She was as charming as she was handsome, and always liked to tell the story of herself and the female gossip-writer years ago when she was still Mrs. Colgate. It was at the Inverness Ball, and the gossip-writer, admiring her exquisite beauty and very smart clothes, took a lot of notes, and then asked her name. When she said "Mrs. Colgate," the gossip-writer looked very sad. "Aren't you Lady Somebody?" she asked. "No." "Not even an Honourable?" "No." "Oh, well, of course, it will be no good for the *Morning Post*, but I might possibly get you into the *Dundee Advertiser*."

THE Dufferins and others of the Guinness clan were at the re-opening night of Ciro's, which is now all beige and brown, with rather naughty Greek frescoes on the side of the gallery. Mrs. Plunket was there, and Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Guinness and Lord and Lady Plunket—all in one large party. The flashlight man had the night of his life flashing his sasha lamp at all and sundry.

NEXT WEEK!

"MY VISIT TO WOOLWORTH'S"

By the

Countess of Puffin and Arsque

in an Interview with

"EDDIE" TATHAM

LORD WESTMORLAND showed up again, and Tommy Graves and Charles Cochran. I did not wait for the nigger lady to dance, but the place was crowded beyond capacity, and dancing was as much a joke as it is at the Café de Paris on Wednesdays. But Billy Gardner was back, and so was Victor Gordon-Lennox. I liked the new orchestra. Tom Webster had supper with Diana Fishwick. Oh, yes! and Robin Humphreys made a re-appearance.

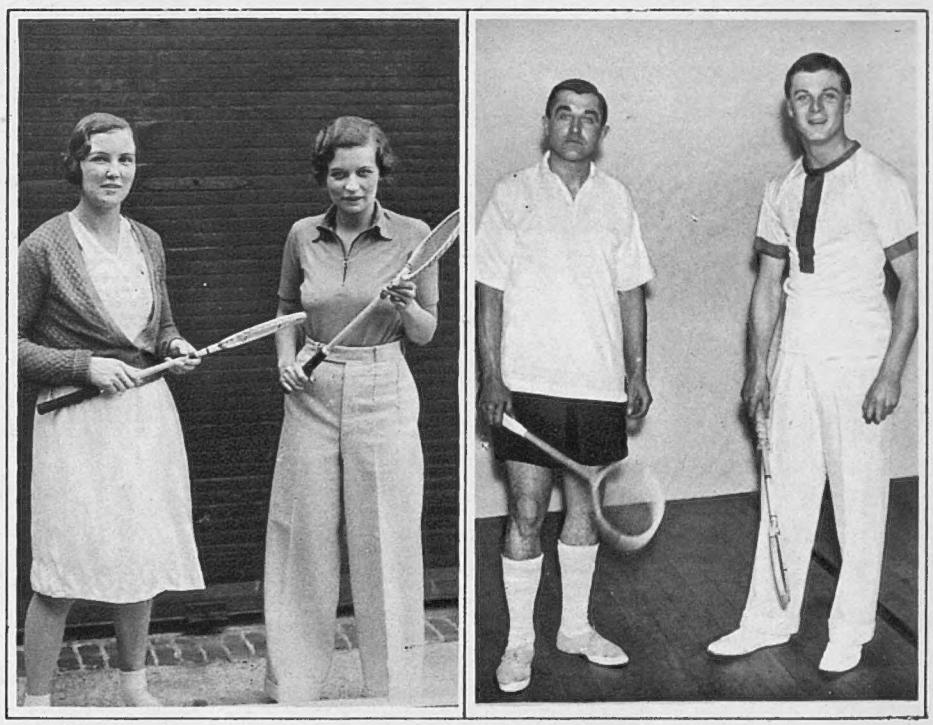
(*Continued on page 200*)

Dance Planners

anxiously about, wondering whether his human salad was mixing well. He had no reason for anxiety. It mixed very well indeed.

FILMGOING becomes more and more fashionable these days, particularly when there are comedies about. Prince and Princess Caraman de Chimaye were enjoying themselves quietly at the Laurel and Hardy film at the Empire. At Harold Lloyd's masterpiece, the Dufferins and Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira were laughing a lot at the Carlton Theatre, and even Randolph Churchill could scarce forbear to smile.

SEEN last week: Lady Ashley in Lady Carnarvon's nursing home; Mrs. Gulbenkian, in sable shoulder straps, with the Prince de Ligne; Cecil Beaton in a virgin white tie with a lounge suit; Fanny Ward everywhere; Sir Percy Lorraine at a cocktail party; the Duke of Gloucester at Buck's cocktail bar; David Rhys with Lady Anne Wellesley at the White City; Mrs. Claude Leigh in that feather boa; Christopher Macintosh in Albany Courtyard; Lady Veronica Hornby supping with a member of the *Daily Herald* staff.



The Long and the Shorts Of It

In the first of the winter series of inter-club squash matches for women, Miss Keith Jones (left) played for the Cheyne Squash Club, and Miss Boucher for the Ladies' Carlton

Mr. O. Lerwill, of the R.A.C., defeated Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas, Bath Club, by three games to love in the recent match for the Bath Club Cup between the Bath and the R.A.C.

Weddings and What Not

A Medley from Around Mayfair

"And Afterwards At . . . ."

Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden leaving the church after a recent wedding. Lady Hambleden is the Earl of Pembroke's daughter

The Hon. David Smith, Lord Hambleden's youngest brother, and his wife, Lady Helen Smith; they were married last year

Lafayette

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Simon Combe photographed after their wedding, which took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Mrs. Combe was the Hon. Sylvia Coke, Lord and Lady Coke's elder daughter, and a grand-daughter of the Earl of Leicester

A. Owen

Above: Two members of the Committee for the Marie Curie Hospital Dinner: Lady Plunket and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston

Right: Mrs. Walter Rubens, whose wedding takes place on Saturday this week to Brig.-Gen. J. J. Nation, C.V.O., D.S.O.; he is the Member for East Hull

Lafayette

Lady Cynthia Asquith on her way to a wedding. Her husband, the Hon. Herbert Asquith, is Lord Asquith's uncle

Two of the guests at the Combe-Coke wedding were M. Paravacini, the Swiss Minister, and his daughter, Mlle. Livia Paravacini; they were photographed walking through Eaton Square

Ciro's Re-opens

Flood-Lights on the First-Nighters

Left: Among those who gave the latest version of Ciro's a cheerful send-off last week were Miss Fanny Ward, and her husband, Mr. Jack Dean

The Host who wouldn't

Above: The Earl of Westmorland, who was entertaining a big party, puts up his hands as a defence when the camera threatens, but his guests face the flood-light more boldly; they included Lord William Taylour, Mrs. Storey, Miss Bunting Stephenson, Mr. Billy Graves, Miss Billie Schofield, Mr. Walter Tims, Miss Gladys Sammut, Mrs. Charles Brearstead, and the Hon. Richard Norton

Above: Four more who found eating and drinking easier than dancing, the floor space being almost non-existent: Miss Sonia Converse, Count Clauzel, Miss Rosemary Earle, and M. Roger Seydoux

Right, above: Mr. Tom Webster and his party, which included Miss Elsa Macfarlane, Miss Jean Silva, Miss Diana Fishwick, Mr. Clifford ("Show-Boat") Whitley, and Colonel George Parkinson

A flood-lit frieze in relief forms part of the attractive new decorations. On the right is part of the living frieze below, including Mr. and Mrs. Joe Porritt, Miss Green, Mr. Davison, Captain Graves, Miss Betty Homan, Miss Homan, Captain Dollar, and Mr. Graves

Photographs by Sasha

be Photographed

On the right, a quintette includes Lady Flavia Gifford, Mr. Bernard Docker, Lady Tiverton, Miss Hambling, and Lord Tiverton. Lady Flavia Gifford is Lord Tiverton's only sister

Mr. Richard Colley, Miss Dorothy Gish, who left for America two days after the party, Mr. Russell Johns, the American singer, and Miss Moya Mannering the well-known English actress

Below: Another big party included the Hon. Brinsley and Mrs. Plunket, Mr. and Mrs. "Pop" Fane, Lord and Lady Plunket, Lady Honor Guinness, Mr. Jim Lawrence, and Mr. Rollo Hoare

Lady Inverclyde (June) came on to supper with Mr. Tony Paanakker, after doing her bit at the Alhambra in "Over the Page"

Westminster Whispers

Asides . . . Personal and Un-Parliamentary: By "Big Ben"

Major MacLean, M.P. for West Norfolk (left), and Sir Nicholas Gratton-Doyle, M.P. for Newcastle, two of our legislators, arriving early at the House of Commons

THE House of Commons came back to work last week. After three months holiday, Members ought to be pretty well rested by now. What have they all been doing since July?

OF course, every Member likes to pretend that he's been in his constituency, hard at work amongst his own people, who had the good sense to send him back to Westminster last October. But has any one of us seen our own particular Member during the summer? Where do they all get to?

LIFE is easy for those who represent country divisions, in which, in point of fact, they probably live, anyway. But for the others a hurried, hectic week of speeches and receptions easily satisfies them that their duty's done.

WHEN you think of Mr. Hubert Duggan, is it surprising that he prefers the Lido or Madresfield Court to Acton? And, after all, isn't it natural that Sir Adrian Baillie should desert the coalfields of Linlithgowshire for the sunny delights of Monte Carlo?

I DON'T know whether Sir Adrian Baillie has been to his constituency since he was elected; I do know that he went straight off to India immediately afterwards, and that the South of France seems to have first claim on him. We mustn't expect too much from anybody these days.

I AM all for M.P.s having holidays, like the rest of us. I merely suggest that some of them are neglecting the people they were elected to represent. Others are doing their best to disgrace Parliament as a whole. The Lords to-day are more representative of the country than the Commons.

As for the London Member who thinks it fun "to break up" restaurants on the Riviera. . . . Well, hasn't he broken up quite enough things in his short career as it is?

Mr. Thomas Cook, M.P. for North Norfolk, arrived at the House of Commons at 6.30 a.m. to make sure of securing his seat

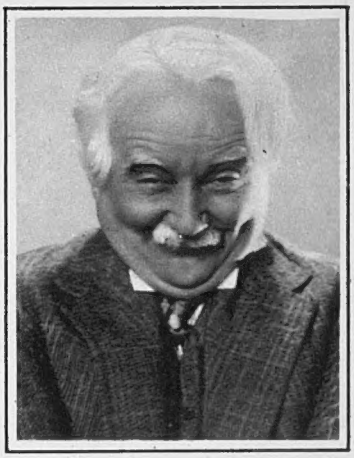
THE South of France seems to captivate too many of our M.P.s. They should remember Sir Oswald Mosley, who was sporting himself there last year when the crisis broke, instead of being on the spot, ready to take advantage of the very situation he himself had predicted. Sir Oswald's new book rubs in the moral of lost opportunities. A very moral lesson.

THE Ottawa brigade are at last beginning to feel that they can let us into the secrets of what took place over there. The United Kingdom Delegation's Ball was undoubtedly the big success, and it was, as it happens, immediately after it that the Conference fixed up the Agreements. Ottawa, by the way, is "dry," but the ball was "wet"—in some cases too much so. I heard of a terrible tragedy that overtook one of Canada's leading ladies. The Englishmen, I should add, took and held their drink like men. Mr. Runciman is, of course, a teetotaller.

I SAID just now that the House of Lords represents the country. It certainly well represented it at Ottawa, where one of the big men on our side—though never in the limelight—was Lord Weir.

OUR own Prime Minister has been as busy as ever; but he has had a grand holiday—Mount Stewart, Dunrobin, Balmoral—and he looks all the better for it. If only sometimes Mr. MacDonald could forget how worn out he may become at any moment, he would be even better. Still, his health is good news-value, and he wisely makes the most of it. Future Prime Ministers, please note.

SIR BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL, thank goodness, has given up his pose of exhaustion and over-work, which he bored us all with when he was Chief Whip. The Admiralty keeps him too occupied now to bother about himself. He has been a great success, and completely given the lie to all those who said an ex-naval man at the Admiralty was foredoomed to failure. I was talking to a Lieutenant-Commander the other day, and asked him his opinion of the new First Lord. He told me the Navy were delighted to get a Navy man at the head of affairs, whatever the precedents and the pundits might say; that Eyres-Monsell was immensely popular, and that they all felt great confidence in him. To the public, I suppose, Bobbie Monsell is nothing more than a name. I think I am safe in prophesying that one day he'll be very much more.



Paul Tanqueray

Lloyd, but Not George

Frederick Lloyd, the actor, who is taking the part of Mr. Lloyd George, in the theatrical sense, in Emil Ludwig's "Versailles," running at the Kingsway Theatre

Mr. T. B. Martin, M.P. for Blaydon, another early bird at the House who catches the seat

IT is amazing actually how ignorant most people are of the government of their country. We delude ourselves into believing that we are a democracy, but a little insight into the game will soon dispel all that.

MONTAGU NORMAN, I suppose, is now a household word. But how many who have heard of him have heard of Warren Fisher or Dr. Sprague? Who are really the powers in Number 10 and Number 11? Male or female? Why do some men always find themselves in office, and others always excluded? Seek and ye shall find, but be careful from whom you ask an explanation of these things.

IT is worth while going to the House of Commons, if only to see how obviously secure everyone feels against Parliamentary reform. Watch the back benches. They will always tell you more than the front benches. They have little to hide and little to fear.

(Continued on page 200)

Hors d'Oeuvres: *By "Caviare"*

MRS. FEARNLEY - WHITTINGSTALL does not make a very good mannequin. I watched her at a show the other day, and she seems nervous and not very graceful. Miss Bunting Stephenson should get much thinner and learn to walk better. She does not show any dress to its best advantage, although she is so pretty. Mrs. Ronald Balfour is excellent, and so is Miss Hilary Charles.

MRS. JAMES SEELY has surprised us all in the last few weeks by appearing very chic, and in original clothes. Her double-breasted short velvet coat for racing is neat and becoming, and her black evening dress with high wing sleeves of white organdie caused quite a sensation.

PEOPLE suddenly improve in looks in the most unexpected manner. I have never admired Miss Joan Barry as much as I do now. Lady Furness is looking quite radiant these days; and Lady Delamere gets more intriguing and attractive every time I see her.

WHY must a certain dear person tell us her past after a couple? The details are not very funny—not even when heard for the first time.

WHAT charity committee would be complete without Mrs. Frank D'Arcy? She is most energetic and very well dressed. Mrs. Warren Pearl is on more charities than I can count, and Lady Howard de Walden is indefatigable. I adore the young-married, who, arriving late, says "Darling, what a too divine idea!" leaves early, and forgets the date of the performance, except, of course, the Press tea, when there are photographs taken.

MY composition beauty of the month has—

Adrianne Allen's eyebrows.

Lady Broughton's eyes.

Miss Betty du Pre's mouth.

Miss Bébé Jungman's nose.

Lady Mary Lygon's hair.

Lady Lindsay-Hogg's figure.

VERY well, "Mr. Gubbins," answer these—

Who has a scar on her cheek?

Who has one—well, somewhere else?

Who drops her h's after dinner?

Who finds that after the peerage come shamrocks?

Who has spots, and a young man with them, too?

SO many people seem to go from fluffiness to sleekness. Lady Ashley was the first to give up curls and frills. Then Miss Margaret Whigham, who, however, has had a lapse with her new tulle-and-lace frock, and now Lady Worthington-Evans. I'm not sure I didn't prefer her fair prettiness when it was fluffy.

MRS. KEITH MENZIES seldom comes to London, but when last I saw her she was wearing black stockings. She has a very good line in smiles and in greyhounds.

IRISHMEN are notoriously daring, but isn't a good-looking one being extraordinarily courageous? It is difficult and expensive to break away from the spider's web.

LADY WARRENDER, who is "Dolly" to her friends, has a very attractive "boyish" appearance, always looks the same, and never seems to get a day older. By "boyish" I don't mean unfeminine, or anything awful like that. Jane Baxter has the same charm, and so has Mrs. Edward Greenall, who married Lord Daresbury's heir.

HOW funny some men are! I noticed that two very well-known ones could not trouble to stand up at the Café de Paris the other night when a lovely titled girl and a most attractive dark married woman stopped to talk to them. I expect they were tired—life is exhausting.

"WHO are the young men-about-town these days?" a relic of the naughty 'nineties asked me. Mr. Jim Lawrence, smart and aloof; Mr. Eddie Tatham, gay and good-mannered; Mr. Teddie Phillips, charming and well-dressed; Sir Robert Throckmorton, sleepy and quiet; Sir Hugh Smiley, successfully talked about.

WHO is Celia? Who is she, that all our swains adore her? (Or, anyway, take her out every evening.)

MARRIED couples do not always dance well together. Colonel Leonard Ropner and his bride, however, look very nice; so do Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby. Tall women should never dance with small men—it looks so silly; but it is so difficult to find many very tall partners for Lady Sybil Lygon, Mrs. Jenkinson (the tall one who hunts), Miss Molly Vaughan, and Lady Delamere.

DOES a certain young Maharajah like them blonde or brunette?

WHO has got a secret safe deposit?

Bassano

Miss Peggy Gordon Moore, the daughter of Mr. Gordon Moore, who is Physician-in-Ordinary to Princess Beatrice, is to be a member of the cabaret at the Spanish Ball, which is billed to take place some time during December

Helping with another charity dance the ball at Covent Garden in aid of the Infants' Hospital, which takes place to-morrow, were the Comtesse de Sibour, Mrs. Nick Prinsep and Mrs. Archie Campbell; they were photographed at a tea-party for the Committee given by Mrs. Claude Leigh

Left: Lord Rosebery, Viscountess Churchill, and Viscount Churchill at Newmarket to see the Town Plate won by Miss Audrey Bell

Right: At Newmarket again, but in honour of the Cesarewitch this time: Captain and Mrs. G. Cox talking to Lady Mary Kirk

Lord Londesborough carries his check cap in his pocket, and Mr. S. O. Kellett doesn't seem to have one at all; another photograph taken on Cesarewitch day

A Racing Reverie

Newmarket Notions

By "Regular"

SUSPECTED but unseen developments are always exciting and exercise an ever-increasing hold on the public imagination. The mystery of what was going on behind the ditch, a mile or so away, drew the largest crowd to Newmarket I have ever seen.

THESE big days are something of a mixed blessing to us dyed-in-the-wool, never-miss-a-meeting regulars. It comes in the neighbourhood of a shock to find one's favourite position on the stand occupied by a giggling couple who don't know the dangerous end of a horse from the safe one.

OH, it 's all very well for you Debs and your Delights to laugh and turn up your noses, but how would you like it if you were to turn up at the Café de Paris one night and find your pet place in front of dear Jack Harris occupied by the Jockey Club?

THERE were all sorts of excitements, objections, rumours of objections, and, finally, that excruciating farce provided by Michael Beary, Gordon Richards, Taj Kasra, and Violator.

THERE had been a deal of ill-feeling between the Beckhampton Stable and that ruled over by Frank Butters, following the disqualification of Manitoba. Both had their hard-and-fast friends (I mean "fast" in its strictly platonic sense), and I heard a lady Beckhampton "fan" refer to Michael in terms I had never heard him called before, and, mind you, that 's saying something, for I 've known him for fourteen years.

THE spectacle, though, of Taj Kasra and Violator racing one on each side of the broadest course in the world was one I have never seen before. Facetious people then cried "Objection!" after Taj Kasra's eight-length win, and the meeting ended in a bundle of fun quite foreign to the customary gloom which normally pervades on the concluding day.

MYROBELLA is a thrill in herself these days, and all who love a good filly watched her canter in the Middle Park Plate with their pulses beating a little quicker than usual, though most of them had no bet.

THEN we had the thrill of the "Tote" losing on a race, which, to me, savours of a member of the Jockey Club getting welshed. The "Tote," though, have informed us they were under no obligation to pay out, but on this occasion they were feeling charitable. Just my luck not to have had a bet!

ALL smart Scotland seemed to be present, but they were so engaged in a game of their own that they paid but little attention to the racing.

THIS game is of French origin, as it is called "Cherchez le Pere," and is obviously a kind of race game, as I heard emanating from a knot of gay young people from north of the Tweed such exclamations as "Pa 's a hot favourite," and "Oh, I don't fancy him—he 's eighty-three."

ALREADY fast-tiring of Yo-Yo, and in need of a new recreation, I sought to be initiated into this strange game, but I was met with a blunt refusal and such remarks as "Haven't you enough troubles of your own?"

LADY JARDINE strove nobly to supply her share of thrills in this, the most sensational Newmarket meeting I have ever attended, and her head-dress ("hat" is far too prosaic a word to describe it) was a good feather and a beating in front of any of Sir Walter Gilbey's curliest ones.

UNLIKE boxers, horses frequently stage a successful come-back, and our old friend Cameronian showed that he had quite recovered from the malady which slowed him down earlier in the year—and how he won!

THIS was another Richards-Beary duel, but on this occasion it was Gordon's round by a large margin; so wide that there was not even a whisper of an objection.

POOR Dastur! No more honest animal ever had the honour of carrying Michael Beary, but, fast as Dastur runs, he invariably seems to find one to run a little faster, and, to add to his troubles, poor Dastur never seems to have heard of the objection room.

IN race after race this most estimable of quadrupeds finishes second, and then trots off quietly to his stable without even a neigh of protest.

To return to brighter topics. Despite poor Dastur, it was a great week for Michael—yes, and all his angels, too, for this great horseman has a feminine following rivalling that of a dirt-track rider.

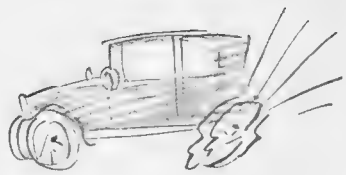
HIS greatest triumph was, of course, on Nitsichin in the big 'un, and an easier win in this great handicap, the first two miles of which are decided "in camera," I have never seen.

FOR the benefit of those who regard the camera as the one means of self-expression to an otherwise unenlightened public, I must explain that this is a legal term, meaning "Don't tell a soul," and has nothing to do with the speaking likenesses of you all which appear every week.

NITSICHIN'S owner, Mr. Shaw Kennedy, is a serious-minded, scholarly young man. I first remember envying him at Eton. It was the end of the half and Trials were on. His head was fairly crammed with knowledge, while mine was making a nasty bulge in the direction of my coat-tail pocket.

MY envy, though, on that far-off occasion, was as nothing compared with when I saw his gallant filly fairly sail away from the rest of the field at the conclusion of the stiffest 2¼ miles in the world. It's always a pleasure to congratulate one of the "small men" on a great triumph, especially when the successful animal has been trying for her life every time she 's run.

Enter Kitty Hamble (Marion Lorne) after the policemen, Porky Grabble (Ronald Shiner) and Lance Donovan (Godfrey Tearle), have punctured her back tyre, to the indignation of Sam (Gordon Harker)



Sam now unfolds the story of the past of Kitty Hamble's mother, and in the meantime we have what is a perfect black-out

Kitty's mother (Marion Lorne), who was a barmaid, doing the pretty-pretty to a kind customer, Algy Hamble (Neville Brook)

Kitty's mother gets the lease and goodwill of the "Angel" Inn from Jack Donovan (Godfrey Tearle), a bookie who enjoys drinking strong waters

She says good-bye to Sam before eloping to South Africa with the very kind customer

And after that throwback we return to present day and find the Inn now a fashionable Road House, where the detectives in search of the perpetrator of one murder find that another has been committed. Reading from L. to R., Iris Glenn (Christine Barry), Kitty Hamble (Marion Lorne), the delightful heroine, Sam Crookston (Gordon Harker), the comic relief, Lance Donovan (Godfrey Tearle), the manly hero, Dick D'Arcy (Richard Gray)—ugh, the dirty dog!—and the corpse of Gordon Chester (Charles Quartermaine), a less reprehensible ruffian

"Road House," at the Whitehall Theatre

At the Theatre

Romantic Commerce and Tragic Youth

"Service"

ONCE upon a time, children dear, there was an Autumn Crocus who taught in the fogs of Manchester and bloomed for one brief hour of purest love on a sun-drenched mountain-top in the Tyrol. Until the Innkeeper, who could have broken a hundred hearts a night on the celluloid, took her in his arms, this shy, neglected flower had never had a lover. Fay Compton—I ask you—unhonoured and unkissed!

No, Miss Dodie Smith, alias "C. L. Anthony," we don't believe in Fairyland. We don't believe that male Manchester United would have permitted an enchantress of the Fay calibre to dwell in its midst with never so much as a glad eye on the days when no rain fell on the tram-lines of Cottonopolis. We don't believe in the idyllic loyalty of saintly old fogies thrown out of work by the slump, and carrying loyalty to the pitch of almost thanking their employers for giving them the sack. Neither do we believe in that electrically-operated rainbow, gazing at which we leave the Service family—father, son and daughter—bathed in the moral glow of optimism and courage, counting a settled income (by selling the business at a knock-out price to a cheap store king) well lost for duty to the staff (whom the new proprietor would sack by the dozen) and the traditions of two hundred years.

BUT, nevertheless, a slab of sentiment leavens the lump of everyday. Scoff as we may, harden our hearts as we will, that fairyland feeling of a good solid lump in the throat is not to be despised. The happy ending, so elusive in real life, acts, in the theatre, as a pleasant mixture between a stimulant and a soporific. No one in their senses would insist that the sine quâ non of an evening's entertainment is to see life whole. The theatre may be wrong in charging us sixpence for a programme, but the wisdom of throwing in a pair of rose-coloured spectacles cannot be questioned. If in doubt, ask the Box Office.

THE author of *Service* wallows knee-deep in sentiment and makes no bones about it but a good, sound play, full of vitality, humour and interest, with here and there a shrewdly-observed fragment of characterisation. The result is an evening's excellent theatre, professionally contrived, cunningly produced (by Basil Dean), and capitally acted by a first-rate cast.

So happily do author, producer, and actors combine that, until the last act, when the deluge is switched off and the rainbow switched on before you can say "Woolworth," one almost believes that Service's is a real, old-established and once-prosperous general store with scores of departments, and not just a comic complaints bureau where dissatisfied customers bring back legs of mutton simply because they are "a bad shape"; and that the head of the firm, watched by his ancestors from the walls, does daily devour the slice of cake with the most almonds, that privilege being loyally accorded by a canteen manageress who was once his nurse.

The author is too concerned with the troubles of the Service family, domestic as well as financial, to give us Service's with the lid off. The real store, a humming hive of activity waiting to be pounced on by an Elmer Rice, remains hidden in a pleasant, sentimental haze of make-believe. We get an exterior glimpse of the back door at clocking-out time, and a back view of the salesmen at their desks, both scenes being clever snapshots. It seemed a pity not to give us the return of the leg of mutton or a sharp struggle over the ribbon counter. One could have judged better whether the firm's decline lay altogether with the slump. But perhaps romance and humour are hard to come by departmentally: Miss Smith ought to know. At any rate, she diverts us to Mr. Service's lounge-hall in Berkshire, and the interior of the sacked accountant's parlour before and after the order of the boot. How cheering to think that dismissed book-keepers, burdened by a wife and two children, can keep the wolf from the door by filling the window with chocolates and confectionery!

THE only character unafflicted by the prevailing moonshine is Mr. Service's second, youthful, neglected, and hard-hearted wife. An awkward, unsympathetic rôle which Joyce Kennedy does wonders with. Anne Todd, as her step-daughter and enemy, is an adroit and charming mixture of ingenuous schoolgirl and pleasure-loving modern. Jack Hawkins has little to do as the idle son who returns with designs for steel furniture, which, one gathers, is to adorn, with profit, a whole fleet of ocean liners. J. H. Roberts, as always, is a whispering monument of quiet pathos. Leslie Banks, even in that fairyland lunch-interval in the city churchyard, where employer and ex-accountant reduce high finance to a matter of buns and heroics, never fails to command our ears and hearts. A real good warrior in a good sham fight.

Adele Dixon — *Dorothy Wilding*

who is taking one of the principal parts in the new musical play, "Wild Violets," which is now in course of production at Drury Lane Theatre

"Children in Uniform"

MANUELA'S story begins in foreboding—picture a motherless, love-starved, hyper-sensitive girl of sixteen plunged into the grim repression of a Prussian boarding-school—develops in outbursts of tears and joy as the highly-strung pupil finds happiness in her innocent passion for the one human and affectionate woman mistress among half a dozen gorgons, and ends in tragedy and suicide. Manuela hysterically proclaims her adoration for Fräulein von Bernburg to an eavesdropping headmistress after a triumph as Joan of Arc in the school theatricals, made indiscreet by too many glasses of pink punch. The penalty for this undisciplined orgy of drunkenness and depravity is complete isolation. There is a poignant interview in the teacher's sitting-room. Fräulein von Bernburg can hardly force herself to denounce Manuela's innocent love as a sin. She fights down her own deep affection for the child and tells her that parting is irrevocable. Manuela, utterly ignorant of her crime, commits suicide.

DON'T be put off—assuming, that is, that you have somehow missed the eulogies that have greeted this English version of Christa Winsloe's *Mädchen in Uniform* at the Duchess—by this bare recital. Don't wonder how on earth a story like this, touching such delicate ground, can make a play. The success of the film, if you follow such things, should have removed some of that doubt. Don't imagine that nothing gripping or amusing can come out of so alien a locale as a Prussian girls' school for the daughters of the officer class. Take it on trust—unless you have the soul of a cabbage, the heart of a stone, and the pity of an iceberg—that this play is a gem of beauty and truth. That it is flawless in its sincerity and pathos, its youthful fidelity and schoolroom humour. That better acting and better production (to Leontine Sagan also belongs the kudos of directing the film) could not be given to what is a masterpiece in its own genre.

I rank in excelsis Jessica Tandy's exquisite performance as Manuela. It is profoundly moving, a lovely thing not readily to be forgotten. No less beautifully drawn is Joyce Bland's study of the mistress, loathing the régime of repressionism, fighting down her mother-love in the cause of impartiality and discipline. The character-sketches of cleverly-contrasted types of pupil and teacher are too numerous for individual mention. All are perfectly done. This play makes you laugh and cry—and that 's Life. Any play that gives us that is the best theatre of all.

TRINCULO.

Left: The new girl arrives at the Prussian school where the story of Christa Winsloe's play is laid: Manuela (Jessica Tandy) is looked over before she is swept into her brief, stormy, and pathetic career as a schoolgirl, the presentation of which is drawing fascinated audiences to the Duchess Theatre. "Mädchen in Uniform," at the Academy Cinema, has been equally successful

"Children in Uniform"

A Girls' School at the Duchess Theatre

Below: The Prussian spirit of the Headmistress (Cathleen Nesbitt) is unmoved when she is told by two of the mistresses, Fräulein von Kesten (Ethel Ramsay) and Fräulein von Bernburg, of Manuela's tragic death

"Hard Conditions are Favourable Conditions"

"Then I Shall Never See You Again?"

Manuela says good-bye to Fräulein von Bernburg (Joyce Bland), the only humanly attractive mistress in the school, whom she passionately adores, and is forbidden to see again. The acting of both Jessica Tandy and Joyce Bland in their difficult and delicate parts is beyond reproach

On the left, seen standing: Miss Diana Esmond, Mr. Roger Wethered. Seen sitting: Lord Charles Hope, Mrs. Roger Wethered, and Lady Mary Hope

Above: Reginald Straker tries ineffectually to get into the 10th bunker

Above: J. S. F. Morrison and Capt. J. R. A. Stroyan made their partners, Miss Heather Palmer and Miss Betty Slade, look rather like pygmies by comparison

Left: Miss D. Pim and F. G. L. Fairlie caught by the camera going to the 1st green

The various colour-schemes of Mrs. H. Guedalla, Brig-Gen. A. C. Critchley, Miss D. Wilkins and C. J. Anderson made the flowers in the 15th garden appear quite faded, as will be seen below

Sketches by H. H. Harris

Below: Miss Hilda Cameron and D. B. Anderson, who wor a match at the 21st

Above: The victors, Miss Joyce Wethered and R. H. Oppenheimer, attack Mrs. V. G. Davies and Rex Hartley, Miss Diana Plumpton and Dennis Kyles, Mrs. J. B. Watson and L. B. Fairbairn, and Mrs. R. O. Porter and R. H. de Montmorency

Left: Mrs. M. L. Clarke and Ian Patey, another couple who had to go to the 21st

Below: Rex Hartley gasses the Hon. W. Brownlow and Miss Lulu Esmond with his pipe while examining the line

Those Worplesdon Foursomes

Reality and Fancy Blended

Above: R. H. Oppenheimer and Miss Joyce Wethered (winners) and Miss Regnart and Comdr. Johnston (runners-up)

Wine, Women —and Song

Below: Dr. Manuel Pereira (Secretary to the Chilean Embassy) and Senorita Maria Teresa Gaspar at the Banquet of the Race at the Centro Espanol de Londres

Sasha

The New "Opera Circle"

Mr. William Gerhardi, Miss Maria Sandra, Mr. Crawford Snowden, and Mr. Lissant Beardmore at Lady Gatti's studio, where a circle was formed to develop a greater taste for, and understanding of, opera. This will be called the "Opera Circle"

L.N.A.

Left: Sir Russell Wilkinson and Lady Ossory having dinner at Punch's Club

L.N.A.

Miss Audrey Simpson caught in reflective mood before luncheon the other day at Punch's Club. Perhaps she is considering her choice of hors d'œuvre

A. V. Swaebe

Miss Yvonne Arnaud (guest of the evening), Mr. Ronald Squire (Chairman), and Miss Violet Loraine (another guest of the evening) at the Green Room Club's fifty-fifth anniversary dinner at the Carlton Hotel

Left: William Austin, Davy Burnaby and Iris March in the film version of that famous jest book, "Three Men in a Boat," by Jerome K. Jerome, being pictured at A.R.P. Studios, Ealing

If Gossip We Must . . .

Conferences Concerning Conferences—Germany on the Rampage—Business Interests and Ottawa—Those Foreign Names

CONFERENCES are cropping up again. Since no one has, as yet, suggested that there should be a conference to discuss the question of ending conferences, negotiations have been in progress to institute a conference on the problem of where the Four-Power Conference for discussing Disarmament should be held.

It is all rather like the war that was to end war, but not so expensive, and, on the whole, rather sillier.

Feeling is, as I write, waxing rather high, so each country is quite likely to start a conference on its own account to settle what it should spend on armaments in order to see that world-disarmament should be effective.

This is the sort of point Mr. MacDonald is fond of popping over to Geneva to endeavour to settle. To do him justice, he does it rather well.

THERE surely is a danger in our devoting too much sympathy to the sabre-rattling and flashing-sword business of post-war Germany just because it spells a revolt against Socialism.

German Socialism is not, and never will be, of the rabidly red type—the Teutonic mind is too settled and stolid for wild-cat schemes, and your German, whatever colour his politics, prefers to be organised comfortably and not to live under the *Alice in Wonderland* sort of despotism he sees in Russia.

The "Steel-helmet" organisation is growing, and at its full and logical development it means an inevitable return to the spirit of Potsdam, which, from 1914 to 1918, we were spending blood and money in order to crush.

The hoity-toity spirit of Germany is very much in evidence. It is fully manifest in her attitude towards the Disarmament

An Artist's Daughter

A portrait of Miss Margaret Watts, by Gluck, to be exhibited at the Fine Art Galleries, 148, Old Bond Street. Her father is the well-known artist and illustrator, Mr. Arthur Watts

Phyllis Monkman in a New Rôle

In "Rhyme and Rhythm," at the Winter Garden Theatre, Phyllis Monkman has blossomed out as a character-actress. She is seen above singing a song in a disguise so unrecognisable that her best friends wouldn't know her

Conferences which I have already mentioned. This needs, of course, some careful adjustment and concessions all round.

FRANCE was originally unwilling to come into the Conference at all unless her allies were represented. But on this point she has actually given way—a remarkably original thing for France to do at any time.

Great Britain has given way on a much more important point; but, then, Great Britain is used to giving way as well as to giving everything away.

Italy has said she doesn't mind anything in reason, and is, on the whole, singularly amenable.

The only one of the four nations concerned which has refused, definitely and haughtily, to stir one inch from the position it has pleased her to adopt is the defeated nation—Germany.

GERMANY doesn't want the Conference to be held at Geneva. I can understand the objection to Geneva as the dullest and most smug city in Europe. Frankly, I loathe the place—which, of course, doesn't matter in the least to anybody, not even to the Genevans. But Germany considers that it is beneath her dignity, remembering past events, to have anything to do with Geneva as a spot for any sort of conference.

We, too, remember past events (in Belgium, for instance, in that autumn of only eighteen years ago), and, in view of them, for Germany to talk of her dignity at such a juncture is really rather absurd.

By STAN TERRY

"Are things really so bad, Dicky?"

"Rather—I keep my clothes in my desk and my bills in my wardrobe!"

YET plenty of people in this country would much sooner let Germany have her own way, just as they are prepared to sacrifice the interests of the British Empire to their precious gospel of Internationalism. That is why they have always hated Ottawa and have always wanted Ottawa to fail.

This gang don't care a damn whether the Empire holds together or not; but they do care whether certain foreign countries are hit commercially by any possible developments of Ottawa. The reason is a simple one—their business interests are closely bound up, not with the Empire, but with foreign countries in general, and with Germany in particular.

The German hold on the City of London was not even relaxed during the war. It is hardly likely that it will be relaxed now that we are all immersed in this forgiven-and-forgotten business—or trying to pretend that we are.

I actually came across, the other day, a case of an Englishman, with an English name to which he was fully entitled, whose forebears for many generations were English, who was about to change his name to one with a German flavour. "It will help me in the City," he said.

"The Merry Widow" as She

Here indeed is a change from the days when most of the gentry on this side of the Channel possessed of names like those on bottles of hock, suddenly became Curzon, and Montgomery, and De Vere, and Montrose. Strangely enough, they still continue thus to camouflage themselves.

Sasha

Musical Regulars

Arriving at the Queen's Hall for the first of the new season of the ever-popular Courtauld-Sargent Concerts: Princess Elizabeth Bibesco and her brother, the Hon. Anthony Asquith

Appeared at Daly's in 1907

The revival of "The Merry Widow" at Daly's, adds interest to the picture above showing the original cast. W. H. Berry is on the extreme left; George Graves has his hand to his ear, and on his left is Elizabeth Firth. The lovers embracing are Joe Coyne and Lily Elsie. Fred Kaye is on their right talking to Nina Severing, while on the extreme right Lennox Pawle can be seen

IN the art world, one cannot be so particular in the way of nomenclature. The public still demands foreign-sounding names for its musicians and its dancers. None the less, it seems remarkable, considering the bad odour into which the Soviet and its bishop-boilers have placed the very word Russia, that so many of our admirable young British dancers like to tack "ova" on to their own good native names, or even to change them altogether.

Yet, as long as they are fools enough to think that Latrina from Petrograd must infallibly and necessarily dance better than Miss Smith of London, so long will they indulge in this rather silly habit.

I remember when young English dancing-girls were fond of adopting not Russian but Spanish names. But for a long period we had a succession of real Spanish dancers of horrid appearance and little or no ability. So that, if I may say so, put the Vallodolid on it.

"THIRTY Miles of Paper a Week." Such is the headline of some information officially sent out concerning *Over the Page*, the Alhambra revue.

Strange! I thought they were doing quite good business.

SONGS OF SPORTSMEN

No. 12—The Big Game Hunter

NEVER forget you are English;
Always be true to your caste;
And though you may bungle your job in the jungle
Hang on to your pride till the last.
Shave yourself every morning,
Always look spick, span and cool,
And if ever you bag a blue-nosed wagga-wagga,
Although with fatigue you are ready to stagger,
Still cheer for the dear old School!

Never forget you're a sahib;
Always hold on to your pride;
Though you may miss a sitter, your "boys" will not titter
If your Guards' tie is carefully tied.
Brush your hair seven times daily,
Add grease till it shines like King Sol,
And remember that life'll not be worth a trifle,
If, when at some rhino you're firing your rifle
You don't cheer the dear old Coll.

Never forget you are pukka;
Always don tails ere you dine,
For no well-bred wallah would wear a soft collar
Or bar a boiled shirt after nine.
And though with a rifle you're hopeless,
The natives your presence will bless
When your shot at a puma proves naught but a bloomer,
Provided you show you yourself aren't a stumer
By cheering the dear old Mess. *B. W.*

Beauty and the Cat

Wendy Barrie, one of Mr. Alexander Korda's young ladies, who is playing in the new Paramount British film, "The Barton Mystery"

Connery Chappell *discusses* The Passing Picture Show

THAT Super Barnum of the present age, to wit, one Charles B. Cochran, recently held forth to me on the subject of acting, in general, and the world's best actors, in particular. He decided, to my unbounded delight, that the greatest actor alive was the German, Werner Krauss, an opinion I had held myself for years, while never expecting to find it endorsed by such an expert.

Alfred Lunt, continued Mr. Cochran, was probably second. And in so saying our leading showman made a remark which was really brilliantly probing.

"That man is such a good actor," he said, "that he can leave his comedy lines unfinished."

Only a master of the theatre would have thought of saying that.

WILD horses would not drag from me Mr. Cochran's opinion as to who were the best actors in England. But he made another remark which cannot fail to interest people who think seriously of the screen. Jannings, he considered, was an objective actor with considerable grip on his technique. He is not a great actor in the sense that Krauss is.

Many and many a time, in the days when the Film Society had the whole of Europe from which to pick its programmes, I watched Jannings and Krauss acting together in the same film, the one, dynamic within the meaning of the act, using every artifice of the born player to its best effect, the other so restrained that the uninitiated hardly noticed him.

It used to be a great study in the contrast of acting styles—the volcanic objective stuff and the highly-concentrated technique of the man who has solved some problem in the economy of action.

Above: Harold Huth and Benita Hume in a dramatic scene in "Sally Bishop," the film version of Temple Thurston's novel, which is at the Prince Edward Theatre; its première took place last week

Another scene, friendly this time, in the British Lion production of "Sally Bishop," with Joan Barry and Isabel Jeans. The latter here makes her début in the talkie world

ALL of this, of course, merely leads up to that ghastly question of film acting in general, a problem which must occasionally have filled the idle moments of most considered film enthusiasts. It has to be admitted immediately that the acting standard on the screen is far below that of the West End stage, even though many of us think that Shaftesbury Avenue's desire for naturalness can be taken too far.

In the not so very distant past film actors registered their emotions by numbers, or so the celluloid historians tell us. I can well believe it. Take a list of the dozen leading women stars of the screen. Append their stock gestures. The upward stance of the Shearer chin, combined with a soignée arm movement expressing sophisticated disapproval of everything by Irving Thalburg; the heavy overtime of the Bennett shoulder-blades, revealing that certain something others haven't got; the Garbo eye business; and all the other things.

We critical rakes could reel them off by the score. Even the men have their pet piece of business, just as Marion Lorne has that cheerful little gurgle.

ONE of the most alarming things about the screen is the fact that the creative artists connected with a film's production usually receive none of the praise due to them. The script writer and the actual producer can ruin a star on whose rise a hundred publicity men have burnt a thousand candles coining a million adjectives. The star, in the great majority of cases, is a pictorial medium for the expression of another's emotions.

Can you wonder, therefore, that there is so little really constructive acting on the pictures? This week, anyway, we can see the work of an advanced technician, for Emil Jannings, the darling of Golders Green, is appearing in *Tempest*, a German film, at the Marble Arch.

Even technical assurance is a relief.

THOSE bright young victims of naughty destiny, Laurel and Hardy, have just blossomed forth as full-length film stars. No longer do their antics support lesser pictures. They are leaders in their own right, appearing in a picture which runs its full course of reels.

Pack Up Your Troubles, unfortunately, is a poor vehicle for their pantomime. I can imagine the picture, possessing a strong "baby appeal," which is sure-fire among provincial mothers, will be a big success. But the supporters of the comedians proper will sigh for the good old slapstick days when every custard pie was a philosophy. From the point of view of the stars, they are given just about as much material as they normally get in a two-reeler, and the mixture, in consequence, is thin.

We can but hope that their backslide is purely temporary. They are too good to waste in films about little children who recite the nursery rhyme of the Three Bears. Theirs is a vigorous dimension in which clowning has a meaning. We must trust they go back to it.

AT the Tivoli, *The Flag Lieutenant* has blossomed forth anew, this time in talkie form. The enthusiastic Henry Edwards re-enacts his previous performance in the picture, which, originally, was something of a landmark in the curious course run by the British screen.

I question very much whether present-day West End audiences can enthuse about this rollicking glorification of the flag. We demand something with a little more meat and a little less spinach.

Small boys, who still think that the war was high jinks and that death in some outpost scrap is grand fun, will no doubt revel in it, and salute Nelson's Column as they stagger out.

For myself, I preferred the stable companion, *Leap Year*, a spicy Tom Walls farce, which owes much to the stage and nothing to the screen. It was at least amusing, and should be successful during its West End run. Walls is not so much an actor as an engaging type, which is probably very much better commercially. His jaded loungers are always worth watching, and in *Leap Year* he hardly leaves the screen.

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING

BY APPOINTMENT
RUBBER TYRE
MAKERS TO H.R.H. THE
PRINCE OF WALES

For the perfect drive

Fred Daniels

DANSE ASIATIQUE

The atmosphere and gesture are purely of the East, but the dancer is English—Blanche Ostraban. She is at present dancing in Paris, and has been a great success there. She is due to come to England at the end of the month, and will appear in a London production

Lenare

MRS. RONALD BALFOUR AND SUSAN MARY

A new photograph of Mr. Ronald Balfour's lovely wife, with her small daughter, Susan Mary, who, if she goes on looking as attractive as that, will repeat history and be the débutante of her coming-out year, as her mother was when she was Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis

The Lady Scone

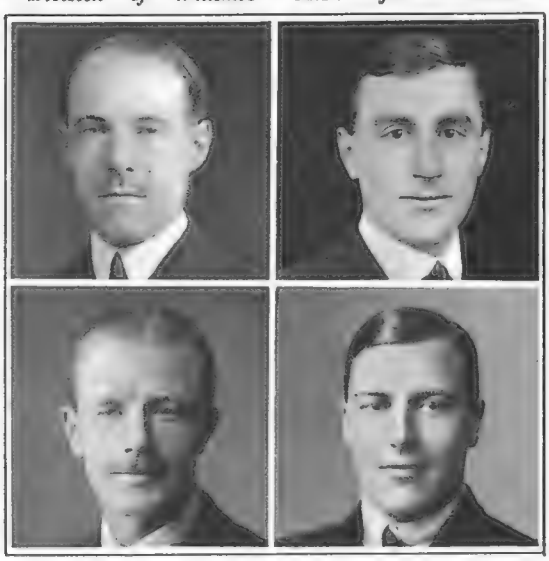
The Lady Apsley

Mrs. Nall-Cain

ANOTHER 1931 member is Mr. Robert Grimston, a cousin of Lord Verulam; his wife is a sister of Sir Cecil Neumann. Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare, whose first husband was the late Commander Sir Thomas Fisher, R.N., married Mr. Shakespeare in 1926. Lady Bowyer, who was the Hon. Daphne Mitford, is the wife of the Vice-Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation. Sir Fergus Graham succeeded his father this year; Lady Graham is the daughter of Major-General Raymond Reade; they live in Cumberland

Mr. Robert Grimston, M.P. for the Westbury Division of Wiltshire

Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, the National Liberal M.P. for Norwich



Captain Sir George Bowyer, M.C., M.P. for Buckingham since 1918

Captain Sir Fergus Graham, M.P. for Northern Cumberland

Mrs. Robert Grimston

The Wife of "The Honourable Member"

Society and the House of Commons

LADY SCONE and her husband, who entered the House of Commons for the first time in 1931, spend most of their time in Perthshire when the House is not sitting. Mr. Nall-Cain and Mr. J. R. Robinson were also newcomers last year, Mr. Nall-Cain in June, and Mr. Robinson in October. Mrs. Nall-Cain, before her marriage in 1927, was Miss Angela Pretyman. Mrs. Roland Robinson was Miss Maysie Gasque, daughter of Mrs. Clarence Gasque. Lord Apsley first became an M.P. in 1922; Lady Apsley has just published a book, in collaboration with Lady Diana Sheddon, on hunting—A to Z—for women.

Lord Scone, M.P. for the Perth Division of Perth and Kinross

Major Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.C., M.P. for Bristol Central

Mr. A. R. Nall-Cain, M.P. for the Wavertree Div. of Liverpool

Mr. J. Roland Robinson, M.P. for Widnes, a Lancashire seat

Mrs. J. Roland Robinson

Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare

The Hon. Lady Bowyer

Lady Graham

Masters All

In England, Ireland and Wales

Left: The new Master, in succession to Mr. J. S. Shepherd, of the Duhallow Hunt, whose country is in County Cork: Captain Hornsby, and his wife. Last season, Captain Hornsby was Joint-Master, with Mrs. A. H. Connell, of the Meath

Above: The Hon. Lady McCol-mont, with Major C. Mitchell, D.S.O., M.C., whom she has joined this year in the Joint-Mastership of the Kildare Hunt, in succession to Sir F. Brooke, who retired after last season

Below: The Earl of Altamont, who is taking on the Joint-Mastership of the Galway Blazers. The other Joint-Master is Mr. Bowes Daly; he and Lord Altamont succeed Capt. T. Hilder

Poole
Dublin

Bassano

Another Joint-Master for the new season is Mrs. C. F. Parks, who, with her husband, Capt. Parks, is taking on the Mendip Hunt in succession to Capt. G. Hodgkinson, M.C., and Capt. D. M. Wills

Bassano

The Hon. Anne Lewis is continuing her Mastership of the South Pembrokeshire Hunt this season. Her brother, Lord Merthyr, who succeeded his father recently, has just announced his engagement to Miss Violet Meyrick

Sir Richard Sykes was Joint-Master last season of the East Middleton Hunt, in Yorkshire, with Captain T. Wickham-Boynton, and also acted as one of the whippers-in

Lieut.-Colonel R. Milvain is Master of his own pack of hounds in Northumberland, and hunts them two days a week; the kennels are at Eglingham Hall, Alnwick

THE WORLD'S FASTEST GREYHOUNDS ON THE WORLD'S FINEST TRACK...

Go Greyhound racing at

WHITE CITY

EVERYBODY'S

Favourite . . . .

"BLACK & WHITE"

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Dorothy Wilding

MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH is one of the patrons of the ball which will be held to-morrow night at Covent Garden in aid of the Infants' Hospital at Westminster, and at which there will be an unusually entertaining cabaret. She is seen here wearing a lovely black velvet evening gown which has the lower part of the skirt composed of green ostrich feathers held in place by narrow velvet bands. A green and black ostrich boa and black velvet gloves complete a charming costume

HUNTING

FROM Woodrow comes this hard felt riding hat which has the new straight brim and a short back. In hunting strength it costs 35/-, but in a lighter weight for hacking it may be obtained for 25/-. In soft felt, in any colour, price 29/6

THIS lightweight fur felt hat will not spot or lose its shape and can be obtained in a range of colours and in all sizes for 29/6. It is one of several attractive models to be found at Woodrow

DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

THIS perfect riding kit, complete in every detail, comes from Moss Brothers

Photographs by Shaw Wildman

IT is to the industry of the lamb, not the silkworm, that we owe our evening gowns this year, and these engaging little creatures (or is it the brutal shearers?) seem unusually active. To a hardy race reared in draughty, unheated houses, the comfortable idea of a gown made of wool, yet cut in so sophisticated a manner as to permit it to sit up to dinner, has never occurred—and it has been left to the daughters of a country complete with sunshine, central heating and concierges to evolve exquisite dresses woven from the fleece of lambs instead of the cocoon of silkworms. Schiaparelli has been particularly inspired by these new materials and on the extreme left you see one of her woollen evening gowns, exquisitely but simply cut and tied on one shoulder with a dark blue velvet ribbon. This originally very costly model can be obtained for a moderate sum from Richard Sands. To Jaeger are the compliments due on the other charming dress, which is carried out in a dark green woollen material with a diagonal self-stripe. Clever cutting and bows on the shoulders are amongst its attractions

silk and wool dispute our favour

A PALE blue woollen evening gown dispenses with all trimming other than blue velvet ribbons, which are arranged in tiny flower-like points around the armholes and the belt buckle. It comes from Peter Robinson

A VIONNET gown of heavy crêpe is tied with a bow at the point of the low décolletage at the back and has a long scarf which may be draped around the waist or twisted around the neck. From Harvey Nichols

DARK brown crêpe with a matt surface makes this becoming dinner gown, which has a draped, cross-over bodice and flared shoulder capes. The skirt is cleverly gored and gives a princess silhouette. From Harvey Nichols

FROM Gorringe comes this attractive evening bag of pleated silk which has a jewelled clasp. It may be obtained in black or any colour, or can be made to order from one's own material. It costs one guinea

Cambridge at Twickenham

A Harlequin player gets clear away after a scrum in the match in which Cambridge University were beaten by the Harlequins by 18 points to 13, on their first "try-out" in London this season

Oxford at Teddington

H. S. Nicholson, N. K. Lamport (Captain) and J. G. Minns, three of the Oxford team who defeated the O.M.T.'s, at Teddington by 16 points to 5. The score does not suggest the closeness of the game

Howard Marshall on Rugger

'Varsity Prospects

IT is very unwise to linger in dressing-rooms and places where men congregate after a Rugby football match. It is unwise, that is to say, for those who have to express opinions in public about the game; perhaps I should qualify my generalisation still further, and state that it is unwise for impressionable individuals, like myself, to listen to the doubtless biased chatter of otherwise honest spectators.

To come down to brass tacks, I left the game between Cambridge University and the Harlequins with the distinct impression that Candler, the Cambridge stand-off half, is a most likely player. I said as much to one of the most famous of English stand-off halves, who replied: "Do you think so? Well, to my mind, he didn't shape like a stand-off half at all."

NOW that sort of thing is unsettling. I had not watched Candler carefully, for I was busily watching twenty-nine other players at the same time, but he had done enough to suggest that there were distinct possibilities about him. He took his passes well; he gave his passes well. He was quick off the mark and sound in defence. His kicking, under pressure, was accurate, and his judgment was excellent. What is more, he ran beautifully in attack whenever the opportunity came his way. This was, moreover, his first important match—he is a Freshman from Sherborne—and I continue to think that he is a likely stand-off half.

STILL, the incident set me wondering how much any of us really know about the players we criticise. Unless we are able to concentrate our attention upon a single individual, we inevitably form our opinions upon isolated incidents during the course of a game. About forwards, particularly, we are liable to err, and here the English Selectors are wise, for they will watch a particular forward for twenty minutes on end, noting his energy in the tight and his movements in the loose, until they really are qualified to give their verdict upon him; the rest of us cannot hope to judge a forward fairly. I have an idea that W. J. Leather, of Cambridge, is a grand player in the W. W. Wakefield tradition, but how can I tell whether he is really a worker? How, indeed, do I know that he does anything but run strongly enough and dribble with sufficient skill to catch my eye now and again during a game?

MY comments this week, therefore, will be reasonably humble, and it is with some trepidation that I venture to suggest that Cambridge will be a formidable side in a month's time. I note that Marr, the Captain, is experimenting with the Springbok 3-4-1 formation, and he is justified in doing so, for at the 'Varsities a pack can be properly trained. I wonder, though, how long Cambridge will carry a wing forward who does no work whatever in the tight or the loose, but waits for opportunities to shine in the open? As an Oxford supporter, I should like to see this particular forward playing in the 'Varsity match, but I fear that, even at Cambridge, work is still regarded as one of the essential forward virtues.

CAMBRIDGE will have a useful pack—that we may take as certain—and their back division is distinctly promising. Apart from the youthful Candler, W. R. Anderson is still up, and he covered himself with glory in the 'Varsity match last year at stand-off half. Then Pope is challenged at scrum-half by one of the talented Bowcott family; J. H. L. Phillips has the makings of a fine centre in him; J. A. Crawford, the Army wing, is no slouch; and G. W. Parker, of Gloucester, is a reliable successor to J. G. Askew at full-back.

I FANCY that Marr will have to find another centre, unless J. I. Rees improves considerably, and there is E. C. Mercer, of Durham, available. Mercer was not himself in the Cambridge trials, but there is no doubt that he is a player of parts, and, after all, he went very near to an English cap last winter.

A FORMIDABLE side, Cambridge, but Oxford need not be cast down in consequence. At present, Oxford have two weaknesses: they lack a leader of forwards and a stand-off half. There was some talk last Easter term of F. G. H. Chalk as a stand-off half, though whether he will fill the bill remains to be seen. Oxford have, at any rate, made one discovery, which is that H. G. Owen-Smith is a full-back of considerable potentialities. I have never seen Owen-Smith as a Rugby footballer, though I knew him well as a cricketer and boxer, and I can easily imagine that, both temperamentally and physically, he has all the qualities which go to the making of the first-class full-back. It is good to see also that S. L. Waide, the Irish wing, has already made his mark in the Oxford side, and I imagine that there is little doubt that he will play against Cambridge.

TURNING for a moment to club football, Blackheath received an unexpected check at the determined hands, and feet, of Newport, but came out strong in the second half against the London Scottish. And this brings me to a story which I give for what it is worth. It is said—and it may be quite untrue—that when Blackheath were playing Plymouth Albion, a member of the English Selection Committee sent a message out at half-time to advise B. H. Black not to talk too much in leading the Club pack. Now, assuming that this is true, as I believe it to be, it seems to me an instance of unnecessary and unwise interference. Obviously, the intention was to mould Black into the accepted leader of the English pack, but even so, why should he not be allowed to talk to his heart's content? Personally, I like to hear a leader rallying his forwards loudly and forcibly, and I believe it is easier to play under this kind of exhortation.

Above : Major Jack Herbert and Countess Paul Munster doing some serious race-card work in the enclosure at Wincanton

Above, right : Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones talking to Lieut.-Col. Wingfield Digby, D.S.O., who is the Master of the Blackmore Vale and lives at Sherborne Castle

Mr. Blackett and Miss C. Trevillyan go out walking to watch the fun at one of the jumps

Below : Lord Stavordale and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Hornby, in the paddock. Lord and Lady Stavordale's baby daughter was christened on the Sunday after the races

Above : Miss Rosemary Leach and Mr. C. Duff intently watching the finish of one of the races together

Left: Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper and Mr. Robin Mount look as if they had had a very good joke

West Country Steeplechases

The Wincanton Meeting

Night Lights of London

At the Café de Paris

Below : Mr. John Loder, Mrs. Fairbairn, Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, and Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton meet and talk

Lord Dufferin and Ava, Mr. Anthony Hornby and his wife, Lady Veronica Hornby, and the Hon. Hamish St. Clair Erskine sitting together in the balcony

Above : Mr. Williams Wynn and Miss Ulrica Thynne looking down from the gallery upon the crowd below

Above : Lord Milford Haven seen in conversation with a friend

Left : The Hon. Mrs. Arnold Henderson, wife of Lord Faringdon's son, with her son and daughter, Mr. Arnold Henderson and Mrs. David Forbes

Photographs by A. V. Swaebe

Old Worlds and New: By "Junius"

Of all the many books written on the Russian débâcle, *Things I Remember*, by the Grand Duchess Marie, was the most poignant by reason of its contrasts. She gave us vivid pictures of the life led by the junior branches of the Imperial Family, and of her own childhood and that of her brother, the Grand Duke Dmitri, under the care of their uncle and aunt, the Grand Duke Serge and the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, both of whom were fated to meet terrible deaths. Then followed her marriage to a Swedish prince; the dissolving of that marriage; her return to Russia; and her horrible experiences in her escape from the Bolshevists.

In *A Princess in Exile* (Cassell; 16*s.*), the Grand Duchess continues her story, which has actually been a struggle for mere existence. When you consider that she was brought up without any idea of the value of money, and with absolutely no knowledge of the ordinary ways and means of life, her achievement has been little short of heroic.

After their escape from Russia, she and her second husband, Prince Putiakin, were given shelter at the Rumanian Court. They had no clothes, and were dependent upon the wardrobes of Queen Marie and King Ferdinand. They came to London, and there the Grand Duchess knitted sweaters and dresses to help the family budget, until the Crown Prince of Sweden brought her jewels, which she had sent to Sweden at the outbreak of the Russian revolution. They had been "hidden away in ink-bottles, paper-weights, and imitation wax tapers."

From London the Grand Duchess went to Paris, and, funds running low, she bravely started an embroidery establishment, Chanel, the great dressmaker, taking all her work. But, in her anxiety to help her destitute fellow-countrymen, she only employed amateur labour, and what might have been a profitable business failed to succeed for lack of knowledge of management. At the same time, the Grand Duchess made a reputation as a dress-designer, ultimately receiving an offer from a New York dress-making firm which she accepted. When she left for America, she had three hundred dollars, "all that I possessed in the world." It is an amazing story of indomitable courage in the face of unparalleled misfortunes.

In *They Were Defeated* (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*), Miss Rose Macaulay has re-created those troublous years when Charles I. and his Parliament were steadily drifting towards the Civil War. I use the word "re-created" advisedly, because the atmosphere and the characters are as actual and as living as if they had been taken from our own time.

The story opens in Devonshire, where Robert Herrick, the poet, is vicar of a country parish. With him is staying that other famous poet, Sir John Suckling. And here you get the news of the great world. How the power of the Puritans is increasing; that feeling against Charles's Queen and the Roman Catholics is rising higher and higher; that the King is at his wits' end for money; and all the while the Scottish

Miss Rosamund Lehmann

Author of "Dusty Answer," whose new book, "Invitation to the Waltz," has just been published

Army is encamped on the Border. A vivid and vital picture.

In the village, you have the Squire and his lady; the atheistic doctor, and his intelligent daughter, Julian Conybeare, who reads Latin with Herrick; and one of the brutalities of the time—a witch-hunt by a professional "witch-finder." Then there is Cambridge, with Abraham Cowley, and Milton, come to see a performance of his masque, *Comus*. Julian's brother turns Roman Catholic; this brings a vivid portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby. Then comes the aftermath of the Civil War, with Herrick turned out of his living.

Miss Macaulay has written books which give her a place particularly her own in modern literature, but she has achieved nothing finer than *They Were Defeated*. Myself, I think it will rank amongst our great historical novels.

Wise fathers and impatient sons should read *The Anxious Days* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Sir Philip Gibbs. Both will learn much from a fair and judicial presentment of the clash of thought, the positive welter of misunderstanding which, since the war, has risen between one generation and the next.

Commander Compton, a hero of Jutland, is "axed" from the Navy, and goes to Malay, rubber-planting, for five years, to make money for his daughter, Madge. He returns to find a strange world. But, strangest of all are the young people who have cut themselves away from the old code, and in its place have nothing but discontent and bitter criticism. Simon Lambert, who is in love with Madge, is a prototype of what Compton considers the indiscipline of the age. However, Compton, wise and forbearing, does his best to help the young man by having him on a small farm in Surrey. The result may be taken as being successful, since Lambert stands for Parliament and wins a seat for the National Government. The book is a masterly history of times through which England has recently passed. It is crowded with types representing every shade of thought, from the intractable Die-hard, clinging to old traditions, to the most modern youth, lost in a sea of doubt and criticism.

Internment during the war on the island of Sardinia was not a pleasant affair, but it has enabled Madame Amelie Posse-Brázdová to give us a new chapter in war history in *Sardinian Sideshow* (Routledge; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Her husband was a Czechoslovakian artist, living in the artists' colony in Rome. He, with others of his countrymen, was interned in Sardinia after Italy entered the war. His wife followed him voluntarily. Malaria was the greatest enemy. But there were amenities, even if one of them was being entertained by a Sardinian notable in a palace half-falling to pieces.

Sardinia is so little-known that the writer's descriptions of the people, their customs, the surroundings in which they live, written with observation and humour, come as something quite new.

If you are seeking for thrills, yet more thrills, and thrills again, let me recommend *Mr. Malcolm Presents* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Gerard Fairlie. The trouble which faces a reviewer with a book of this kind is that if—in his wish to inform the reader—he ventures too far in a description of the plot, he runs the risk of cutting the ground from under the author's feet, and, especially in this case, the risk of giving away a baffling and most ingenious mystery.

So I can say no more, except to urge you to read of the astounding doings at the hotel at St. Andrews during the famous match between Bobby Jones and Cyril Tolley, and all that happened thereafter.

"Young Woman of 1914" (Secker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Arnold Zweig, is the prelude to *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, that tragedy of the war, which you will remember. The hero, Bertin, figures largely in *Grischa*. Arnold Zweig shows us a Germany under war conditions, and in the situation which faced Leonore, the heroine, who ultimately marries Bertin, one of the ugliest of modern problems.

Abelard and Heloise stand side by side in the deathless gallery of great lovers with Dante and Beatrice, Paolo and Francesca. Mr. Roger B. Lloyd has told their tragic history in *The Stricken Lute* (Lovat Dickson; 8*s.* 6*d.*) with great charm and erudition.

Captain Buller Smith and W. A. Stevenson caught on their way to the second tee

Left: M. F. Bannerman and Major Keith Thorburn are seen sheltering at the first tee

Below: G. Critchley and R. O. Critchley also find the weather extremely unkind

Major R. L. Kennedy finds time to pass the time of day with Captain G. E. Hawkins

Above: Major P. E. Pank, suitably attired, considering the abominable weather, seen driving from the third tee

C. Maitland, L. B. Wimble and R. S. Mays Smith going to the first green, which was not under water, thanks to good drainage

Right: S. Anderson and A. Ricketts wondering when the rain is going to stop

Public Schools' Scratch Foursomes at Camberley Heath

Old Boys Battle in the Rain

Photos by Bertram Eary

Top, left: Sir J. Fitzgerald and A. A. Edward

Top, right: R. H. Bancher and Bernard Davies

The Old Harrovian Golf Society at Sunningdale

D. D. Gilroy and C. B. Gilroy going to the 1st tee

Capt. F. M. Carlisle chatting to C. E. Gilroy

C. D. Sellingham (President of the Society) and R. H. L. Henriques

W. H. Fisher (left) adding up his score, and A. Borthwick

Photos by Bertram Eary

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF

Worplesdon Reflections

ONLY a very short time ago, when I was discussing the Autumn Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, I wrote in THE BYSTANDER that Raymond Oppenheimer must be getting just a little tired of second places after his golf of this season. I suggested that perhaps the firsts would come next year, since a good player has only to bide his time. It had not occurred to me then that Oppenheimer would be figuring as a first, even if it were only, in semi-University parlance, a half-first, within a month of my writing those words. I do not think the idea could have occurred to Oppenheimer either, for at that time he had no conception that he was about to partner Miss Joyce Wethered in the Worplesdon Foursomes. She had entered with Bernard Darwin, and it was pure chance that Raymond Oppenheimer was available to partner her when Darwin fell sick only a few days before the event was to take place.

THE honour and glory of playing with Miss Joyce Wethered in this contest is, in fact, rather a mixed blessing. Miss Joyce Wethered holds a position so unique in golf that even the best of male players must fear comparison with her. This, of course, is a useful asset for her side when it affects the feelings of those who are playing against her, but it is not so useful when the feeling comes to her own partner. It is a great tribute to Miss Wethered's powers of putting people at their ease that she has won this event no less than six times, and on some of these victorious occasions she has been in partnership with a player not in the first flight of male golf. I happen to know that, for a long time, Bernard Darwin had been looking forward to playing with Joyce Wethered, and it must have been a very bitter disappointment to him when, on the advice of his doctor, he was forced to cry off. If I may say so, it was also a bitter disappointment to me, for I had been gleefully anticipating reading in the *Times* the reports of Miss Wethered's matches and the description of her partner's play: Bernard Darwin is always at his most humorous and delightful when describing his own efforts. But his defection gave Raymond Oppenheimer a great chance, of which he was not slow to take advantage.

UNFORTUNATELY—and I say it with much sympathy for the man concerned—Raymond Oppenheimer now finds himself, even though he has registered a first place, in almost identically the same position that he was in such a short time ago with his long series of seconds. It was that series which prompted me to make the remark to which I have alluded in the first paragraph of this article. If you have read your daily Press you will find that all the reports of the famous victory are concerned with Miss Wethered's play, and very little space has been allocated to her poor male partner. Now I am the first to admit that on nearly every occasion when she plays golf in a mixed foursomes match, it is she who deserves all the credit for the ultimate victory. But, as it happens, on this occasion Miss Wethered was

(*Continued on page* 198)

The All-Red Air Route: By Capt. C. E. Ward

A group at Hamble of some of the staff and pupils of Air Service Training. Third from left in the row sitting is Mr. A. R. O. McMillan, chief ground instructor, and to the right of him are Flight-Lieut. H. F. Jenkins, chief flying-instructor; Sir John Higgins, K.C.B., Chairman of A.S.T. Group Captain R. J. F. Barton, O.B.E., Commandant of the School, and Flight-Lieut. R. P. Pope, D.F.C., assistant flying-instructor

Both the Army and the Navy in Brazil train their pilots on Moths, thirty-nine of which have been sold to that country this year by Mr. W. T. W. Ballantyne, manager for De Havillands in South America. With him is Commandante Netto dos Reis, the Brazilian Navy's chief instructor, at the flying school just outside Rio de Janeiro

New Air-Links in Africa

Less than a year has passed since the through service of Imperial Airways to the Cape was started, but traffic already justifies feeder lines linking outside districts with the main route. Wilson Airways have been operating a coastal air mail from Dar-es-Salaam and Mombasa to Nairobi for some months, and this now connects with both the North-bound and South-bound services on the trunk line. An experimental overland service from Kisumu gives Jinja, Tororo, and Eldoret a link with Entebbe, in Uganda, passengers, mails, and freight being carried by the ubiquitous Puss Moth. It was intended at one time in the scheme for the African route to run a Lake service on Victoria Nyanza, a sheet of water half the size of England and Wales, and such a service may yet be operated next year, when the "Calcutta" flying-boats are released from their run on the Nile by the new "Atalanta" land 'planes. The Aero Club de Katanga is carrying passengers from Elizabethville, centre of the Congo copper-mining area, to Broken Hill, using Gipsy Moths, and in the reverse direction, arrangements can be made to travel by air to Central Congo, where the Belgian air-line system is available. In five years' time, Africa will have a complete network of airways from coast to coast, all joining the All-Red route that links the Cape with Cairo, and from the latter airport the whole of Europe, and most countries in Asia, can be reached. Even to-day it is possible to fly from Cape Town to Singapore, from Johannesburg to Calcutta, or from Khartoum to Moscow, using regular air-lines all the way.

Notes About Slots

The particular success achieved by machines entered for the International Touring Competition which were fitted with slots and/or flaps to Handley-Page design is significant. Speed range, take-off, landing-run, and controllability have been improved in many different types, without an increase in engine power or a reduction in pay load. The winning machine, an RWD.6, and the attractive Heinkel type 64, which has probably a greater speed range than any other light aircraft in the world, had inter-connected slots and flaps, an advantage which is especially valuable for private owners operating from small fields. Naturally such a refinement costs the manufacturer something to fit, and entails careful under-carriage design so as to withstand a heavier landing-shock when a machine is being brought in below normal stalling speed, both of which will mean an increased price to the buyer. Yet if one considers that many more people would fly if they could use the field next door, which is too small for the present type of light 'plane except in the hands of an expert, increased sales should result, keeping prices much as they are at present. A landing in a small field may be brought off with surprising ease, but trouble commences when it is time to take-off. Luggage, petrol, and perhaps the passengers must be left behind in order to make certain of clearing that formidable hedge at the end of the run, and this is just the occasion when slots might make all the difference between anxiety and safety. During the Competition, Miss Spooner, in a Breda with a Gipsy engine, cleared the tape, which was 26 feet high, after a run of 100 yards, and pulled up in landing over the same obstacle in 101 yards.

More History

I had not realised how interested people were in the records of the past before writing on this subject last week, so, having read the *Air Annual* almost from cover to cover, and skimmed "Down Africa's Skyways" with Benjamin Bennett, which is, incidentally, excellent value, with the right proportion of fact and glamour to appeal to the young idea, here are a few more achievements worth recalling. The original through flight to India took place in the winter of 1918-1919, when a Handley-Page V.1500, driven by four Rolls-Royce engines, the machine designed for the attack on Berlin, was flown out by Sq.-Ldr. MacLaren and Lt. R. Halley. It was used later for bombing operations on Kabul during the Third Afghan War, and one of its type, presented to a Native State as a sort of memento of the Great War, is still intact, though lacking a C. of A. The first flight round the world occupied a period of more than six months, and of four Douglas Cruisers with 400-horse-power Liberty engines that started out, only two finished the course. The earliest crossing of the South Atlantic took place in 1926, when a Spanish crew, commanded by Major Franco, flew over via the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands to Pernambuco, using a Dornier Wal with two Napier Lion engines. Another flight which created great interest in its day was that of Major Zanni, of the Argentine Army, who took a Fokker, also with a Napier Lion, from Amsterdam to Tokio in 1924.

Moths for the Military

A fleet of Tiger Moths, the type designed for service training, forms, in effect, an Air Force in miniature and the Persian Government has ordered 20 with this idea in mind. Portugal has bought 10 for military training, and Brazil 22, including some Fox Moths to be fitted with floats and used as ambulance machines.

Top left: Mrs. Connell and Mr. Luke Lillingstone, who are the new Joint-Masters of the Meath this season. Mr. Lillingstone, who was in the Scots Greys, succeeds Captain Hornsby as Mrs. Connell's opposite number

Top right: At the last race meeting at Proudstown Park, Co. Meath, of this season: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Burrell, who hunt with the Kildare, and Miss Molly Morrough-Ryan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morrough-Ryan, of Dunboyne Castle; she is a regular with the Meath

Vyvyan Poole, Dublin

Left: At Lingfield: Mrs. "Boy" Wilson and her husband, Captain "Boy" Wilson, talking to Mr. Wilmot, who only gives the camera a side view

Above: Major and Mrs. C. H. Liddell included Lingfield in their racing programme. Major Liddell (known as "Weary") is in the 15th; he and his wife live in Warwickshire and hunt up there

Looking at Lingfield and Proudstown Park

Some Hunting and Racing Regulars

Left: Another Lingfield photograph: Mrs. Reid, Miss Joy Reid, and Miss Vivian Benson holding a most serious committee meeting in the paddock about the next race

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

THE fact that all is quiet on the sporting front at the moment gives me a very good excuse for being long-winded about boxing, and Jack Doyle in particular. There 's no doubt about it, this young Doyle has caught the public imagination right enough, and when I arrived at the Crystal Palace to watch his fight wih Pettifer last week I was astonished at the serried ranks of cars and the massed queues of optimists hoping to get seats.

AND what a fight it was! I don't for a moment wish to suggest that Doyle is anything but the most raw of novices: he would not live for half a round with any of the great heavy-weights. Even men like Sharkey and Schmeling would cut him to ribbons, and Dempsey, in his prime, would have spreadeagled him with one punch.

FOR all that, Doyle, I firmly believe, has the makings of a world's champion in him. His physique is superb—six feet five inches in height, fifteen-and-a-half stone, weight in the right places, and only nineteen years old—and the point is that we now know that he has the real fighting spirit. He took his medicine from Pettifer, and came back for more, and he put Pettifer out with a wallop which would have dropped an elephant.

PETTIFER boxed admirably in the first round, and although he was so dramatically beaten, he surprised us by his science. He is a vast fellow, this Pettifer, but he punches properly, and the way he watched Doyle and chopped over short-arm blows, with his full seventeen stone behind them, was certainly impressive. Doyle was shaken to bits; he was, indeed, out on his feet when the bell went, and only the killer's instinct could have brought him up for the second round at all. The transformation was amazing: he went after Pettifer with terrible venom, and the right swing which laid the big man on his back was a fearful blow indeed.

DOYLE needs careful handling; he must learn at least the rudiments of defence, though he must never be curbed as a fighter pure and simple. Doyle will win fights in his own way or not at all, and a great deal depends on the programme that is mapped out for him during the next few months.

On the Scent! Tracking Trials

One thing at least is certain: from the promoter's point of view he is already a gold-mine. He will draw bigger crowds than any boxer in Europe, and we have to go back to the early days of Bombardier Wells to find a heavy-weight who has so stirred the public in this country.

IT is the punch that does it, of course, for, in spite of our superficial civilisation, most of us are still, fundamentally, animals. We like a fight in which man's-size blows will be exchanged, and we prefer the crudities of Doyle to the most brilliant tappings of the feather-weights and bantams. I find, for instance, that I look forward with very little interest to next Monday's contest for the world's bantam-weight title between Young Perez and Jackie Brown at Manchester. Just now it threatens to be an anti-climax, though doubtless it will be exciting enough when the time comes.

In the meanwhile, Doyle, with his rough-house

England's Captain

C. D. Aarvold, who is now also the Captain of Blackheath, appearing for the club for the first time this season

Teaching the Young Idea

The Duke of Gloucester paid a visit to the new Boys' Club at Princess Road, Croydon, and watched the sparring with interest

Left: The mounted judges, Lady Kitty Ritson, our dog expert, and Mr. J. S. D. Harries-Jones, following the dogs put on the trail in the Tracking Trials, in which Great Danes and Alsatians took part at Hankley Common. On another page Lady Kitty describes her experiences

in the Mist at Hankley Common

methods, has sent me back to the old prize-fighters, and I cannot resist quoting some contemporary challenges and phrases. Here, for instance, is a challenge which always delights me:

"Whereas I, John Francis, commonly known by the name of the *Jumping Soldier*, who have always had the reputation of a good fellow, and have fought several bruisers in the street, etc.: nor am I ashamed to mount the stage when my manhood is called in question by an Irish braggadocio, whom I fought some time ago, in a bye-battle, for twelve minutes, and though I had not the success due to my courage and ability in the art of boxing, I now invite him to fight me for TWO GUINEAS, at the time and place above mentioned, where, I doubt not, I shall give him the truth of a good beating.

John Francis."

And here is the braggadocio's reply:

"I, Patrick Henley, known to every one for the truth of a good fellow, who never refused anyone, on or off the stage, and fight as often for the diversion of gentlemen as money, do accept the challenge of this *Jumping Jack*; and shall if he don't take care give him one of my bothering blows, which will convince him of his ignorance in the art of boxing."

That seems to me rather better than the modern pugilist's prophesying of his rival's discomfiture.

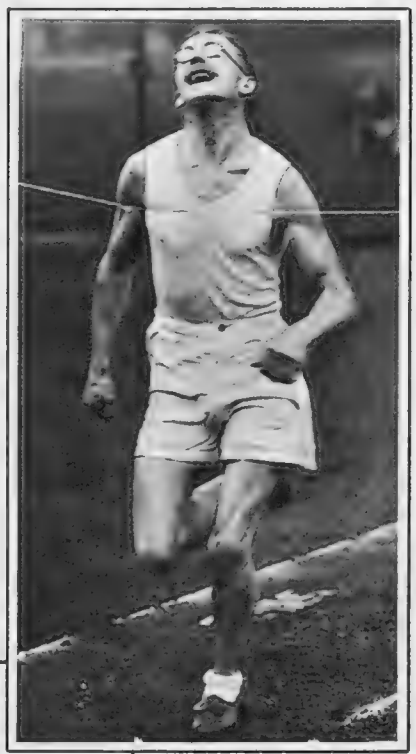
And then there is the description of the great fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan, known as the "Benicia Boy," where we read that when Sayers landed a blow on Heenan's ribs "it sounded all over the meadow as if a box had been smashed in." That fight, by the way, lasted for two hours and twenty minutes, and ended in a draw, when Heenan was nearly blind, and the crowd broke the ring.

Finally, just half a verse from the remarkable song, written about Tom Spring, and entitled, "The True Bottom'd Boxer." This is the way of it:

"For where are such joys to be found as in fighting
And measuring *mugs* for a *chancery* job;
For flipping and milling, and fobbing and nobbing,
With *belly-go-firsters*, and kneading the dough.
With *tapping of claret*, and clipping and gobbing,
Say just what you please, you must own he's *the go*."

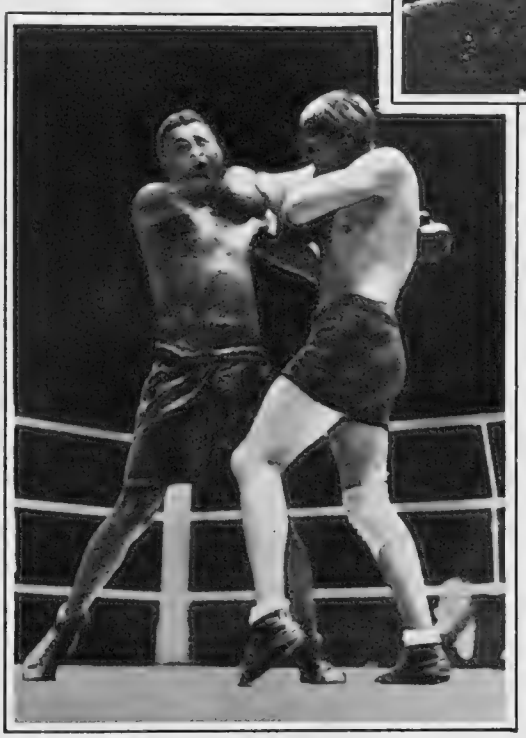
Tom Spring, the hero of this song, was known as "Tom Cribb's Boy," and became Champion of England in 1822.

Well, I could go on indefinitely taking lucky dips out of the past like this, but I find that all my space is filled, and not a word of anything but boxing. I hasten to shelve the responsibility for this pre-occupation upon young Mr. Doyle; perhaps you will make your complaints to him in person!



Ecstasy!

A study in expression when F. Rundle (King's) won the mile race in the Cambridge University A.C. trials at Fenner's



A Winner on Points

An incident in the fight when Walter Neusel, the German heavy-weight, beat Larry Gains, the British heavy-weight champion, in the ten-round contest at the Palais des Sports, Paris

A Teazer to Tackle

Jack Doyle, who has the Irishman's love for a horse, at Windsor, where he trained for his fight with Pettifer, whom he beat in the second round after looking all over a loser. A boxer to be watched

Letters of a Lady Golfer

Surrey and Staffordshire Surveyed

Brocton Hall Mixed Foursomes: By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Clifford, Mrs. Peter Wilson, and Miss Dobson, showing a portion of the fine club-house, to be seen in the background

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WEST HILL was the day after Worplesdon, and when it dawned it looked as if all the pent-up fury of the weather, restrained during those four days, were about to be let loose on the defenceless heads of the women, without so much as a man to hold an umbrella over them. But not a bit of it. The earliest couples, the 8.45-ers, went out in the deluge; and for the next hour or so golf was played with an eye for casual water that might lurk in a hollow or pull up a putt if it had not been noticed. Beyond that, conditions were excellent, the course perfect as ever. I always think it 's such a tribute to the course when the players with very little handicap head the net lists as well as the gross. West Hill generally comes out well, and certainly it did that day, for, with Miss Jean Hamilton 76—2=74, and Miss Dorothy Pearson 78 — 1=77, the long handicaps were only allowed to look wistfully at a particularly attractive table full of prizes—except, of course, those who won in the second division. Even the best ball of a partnership was monopolised by these mighty ones, for Miss Hamilton and Miss D. R. Fowler (isn't it grand to see her back at the old game?) won with their 70, after a tie with Miss Pearson and Lady Headfort.

Miss Hamilton has been doing well all this year. There was nothing specially brilliant about her outward half at West Hill, but she came home in 35, all so faultless as to be almost dull. It was a great round. Miss Pearson has been playing well lately, too. Her 37 out at West Hill was very fine going—especially as that had a nasty 7 in it at the 6th—but coming home she slipped a few putts. In the afternoon she and Lady Headfort tied for the foursomes with Mrs. Mirfield and Mrs. Mann, so that we may take it that Miss Pearson will quite possibly be a power to reckon with again next year.

West Hill ladies looked on that as a great day; I am not entirely clear just exactly what has happened, but I fancy that some sort of Magna Charta has arrived for them, and that they are looking forward to much more prosperous times in the future. I wonder if that will include getting their name on to the Star Shield at last, though this year Sunningdale, Addington, Burhill, and Roehampton are going to fight out the finals? Why I can't describe more in detail about West Hill's prize-giving—which was honoured by Mrs. Lubbock—or the reconstitution of the ladies there, was that I was hieing me away to Stafford for the Brocton Hall Open Mixed Foursomes.

I suppose that most people, at the word "Staffordshire," have a vision of Potteries and Black Country and the Five Towns, and would be taken aback if put down at Brocton Hall, with its rolling pasture and woodland, and enchanting little peeps up on to the Chase, all russet now with the turning bracken. Those who remember it, too, a dozen or so years ago, with the course mere park and pasture, would rub their eyes over the splendid fairways and the really perfect greens, and, having rubbed them, would set about keeping them on the ball, since there are cleverly-placed bunkers and a lot of natural slope and streams, and a few trees, and a most romantic lake to keep you busy on the way round. They would see that the fine old family mansion still stands, and, what is more, they would find that, somehow, the country-house-hospitality-cheery-party atmosphere still lingers, grandly fostered by Captain Todd and his wife, who work like the proverbial blacks, and with evident enjoyment, to make everybody feel welcome and at home.

I have a notion that another year, and for ever after, Brocton Hall Foursomes will be looked on as a sort of trying-out ground for partnerships that might be possible at Worplesdon twelve months later, and that a lot of those who have failed to win at Worplesdon will find it wonderfully consoling to come on north and prove, by winning there, that it was by merely a temporary slip or two on their part that they failed to get home at Worplesdon.

Miss Wanda Morgan, unluckily, had to scratch, but what do you think of having the men's English champion and amateur runner-up (that 's Mr. Fiddian, and he and his fiancée, Miss Molly Fieldhouse, who is Midland champion, have won these Foursomes the last three years), the English ladies' champion, the South-Western champion, an ex-Irish and Egyptian champion, the ex-German and Swedish men's champion? Wasn't that enough to make the Midlanders look to their laurels? I should think, next year, a lot more of them will join the ranks of Mr. W. Fowke, Mr. John Bloor, and other local men—those two did play well!—and see what they can do about it. Oh, yes, and I was forgetting that Mr. Gordon Steward, who partnered Miss Mary Beard ought to have his titles of having played hockey, lawn tennis, and racquets for the Army.

Below: W. Fowke, Miss Fishwick, Andrew McNair, and Mrs. Peter Wilson, ex-Irish and Egyptian Champion, competitors in the Brocton Hall Mixed Foursomes

Above: S. Sievewright and Mrs. Challen (left), who lost their match to Miss Beard and Gordon Steward, seen on the right, in the recent open Mixed Foursomes held at Brocton Hall

I thought they were going to win it, though they did have rather an anxious time against Mr. Sievewright and Mrs. Challen, and might have gone under if the man hadn't holed their ball instead of his own at the 10th hole. But then Miss Fishwick and Mr. Andrew McNair had been even harder pressed by Mrs. Peter Wilson, playing with all the old sting of her Miss Wanda Stuart-French days, and Mr. Fowke, who is a most promising golfer. Semi-finals were both excellent. Miss Fishwick and Mr. McNair had a fiendishly hard time shaking off Miss Nesbitt and Mr. Bloor, who fought grandly, but Miss Beard and Mr. Steward—mercy! that man hits the ball hard—gave short shrift to Miss Fieldhouse and Mr. Fiddian, who must have been terribly below form, for he simply could not get up to the hole, and lost by 3 and 2. I had so looked forward to seeing him play, and it was very disappointing to find him far from his best. That is what the gallery must have felt about Miss Diana Fishwick in the final. All the morning she simply could not hit a shot like a champion, and though Mr. McNair was a tower of strength, playing really first-class golf, they were four down at lunch to Miss Beard's side, for which Mr. Steward had put three tee shots practically dead. After lunch, he started off with a putt of half-a-dozen yards to be five up, and then, suddenly, the side went flop. Miss Fishwick began to play almost as well as Mr. McNair himself—and it would be hard to praise more emphatically than that, for he played like a hero all day—and, lo and behold! before you could turn round, five down was four up and three to play, and the approximate score for Miss Fishwick and Mr. McNair only one over fours for the afternoon. A great win, if ever there was one.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Shaw Wildman

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THE GODDESS OF SPORT

The Doggy World

Field Trials: By Lady Kitty Ritson

LATELY I was judging the A.S.P.A.D.'s Tracking Dog Trials on Hankley Common and at the Crystal Palace. The post of judge is not always a sinecure, for it means pursuing the dog that is tracking through long and wet heather, marking how he works, and often arguing with his handler, who assures you earnestly that "'Jack' always works like this," while you, on your part, are pretty well certain that Jack is investigating the possibilities of a rabbit, or even a field-mouse.

You cannot judge tracking unless you do a good deal yourself, for it teaches you the average reactions of a dog to different scenting conditions, although we shall never know exactly how they work. You have to take into consideration the wind, its direction, and a good many other similar things. In addition, the dog has to pick up two or three articles dropped by the track layer, which would mean, in the case of a criminal, identification.

Of course, these tracking trials like those of the bloodhounds, have for their reason the possible pursuit of criminals. Fifty years ago, dogs must have been most useful in tracking burglars, etc., but in these days of motor-cars, not to mention aeroplanes, their sphere of usefulness is necessarily much limited. Even now, however, IF dogs, either Alsatians or bloodhounds, were sent for directly the crime was discovered, the chances are that the dogs would pick up some useful clues, but, as a rule, they are not brought on the scene until the general public has trampled the place to bits.

THERE are two schools of thought in the matter of speed. Some judges like the dogs to work very quickly, as they say that it gives the criminal less time to escape, but, to my mind, the dog is not so useful in that way as to point out the direction the criminal has taken. I prefer a dog that works very surely, albeit from step to step. Such a dog rarely makes a mistake, and can be depended upon. The brilliant, showy tracker very often overshoots the mark, and is less useful in the long run. Besides, it is useless having a dog that goes so fast that neither the handler nor the constable can keep up with it.

As a matter of fact, where these dogs are more useful than in the matter of criminal work is in finding lost people or children. Not long ago I hurt my ankle when out walking alone on the heathland. No doubt I should have managed to hobble home, in time, but, as it was, I gave "Susie" my glove and sent her home, and she brought somebody to my rescue. This might have been a matter of life and death if I had been seriously hurt.

Of course, Susie has been specially trained for this—her father, Alfred, although he has just as good a nose, would only gambol round me and tell me how sorry he was about the whole thing. You have to develop your dog's initiative as well as his scenting powers.

But these trials are quite the most pleasant part of dog-keeping. You have a long day out of doors, real companionship, and a feeling that your dog is doing some definite work which may, one day, be definitely useful.

Three Schnauzers, which are used in Germany as sheep-dogs, belonging to Captain Leslie Williams, and shown by him in the recent Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf *(Continued from page 191)*

far from her impeccable best, and the man really had something to do with the success. I would feel it only fair to point this out in any case, but I do think that it is doubly hard on Raymond Oppenheimer, in view of his record in competitions this year, to find himself so completely out of the limelight, when actually he was as much responsible for the final victory as was his illustrious partner.

MISS WETHERED will, I am quite sure, be the first to admit this fact. During the entire week she was not herself, or, rather, not the amazingly perfect Joyce Wethered which we have now come to expect on all possible occasions. She played, let me hasten to say, very many shots well beyond the abilities of any other woman golfer at present playing the game, but she played others of which any of her fellow competitors of the same sex would have been ashamed, and actually it is, perhaps, this very fact which heartened Raymond Oppenheimer to rise to the heights of his best golf. He played a loose shot or two—that cannot be denied—but his driving was magnificent, and his putting in every way deserves the same description. Of the two who formed this successful partnership I do not think it can honestly be said that Miss Wethered merits any more praise than does Raymond Oppenheimer. A half-first it was, but a very good fifty per cent. of the whole.

THE Tournament, as usual, was a colossal success. I have previously described in THE BYSTANDER the origin of these Mixed Foursomes when I wrote an article recently on the Worplesdon Golf Club, but it must be very satisfying for all those connected with Worplesdon to see this Tournament going from strength to strength with every year that it exists. I have been told quite often by golfers, both male and female, that they would rather miss all the other tournaments in the year than these Mixed Foursomes; and, with the possible exception of the Halford Hewitt Cup, I am in entire agreement with these sentiments. There is something care-free and happy about this event which does not affect the seriousness of the golf, but yet which gives it just that little something that carries it out of the ordinary rut of competitive events.

A SPECIAL word of praise is, I think, due to Mr. Goring-Thomas, Secretary of Worplesdon, and son of the man who did so much for the Tournament when himself occupying the same position at the Club. It cannot have been easy for the youthful Goring-Thomas to follow in his famous father's footsteps; particularly as, I think I am right in saying, his knowledge of golf from the practical side is negligible. But by sheer ability he has succeeded to an extent which very few others could possibly have attained. However, the greatest tribute which, I think, one can pay him is to state the plain fact—that the Worplesdon Foursomes apparently run themselves: and something which works so smoothly as all this, has, it is very safe to say, a most efficient organisation behind it.

C. G. Blaxter, S. F. Emmanuel and G. E. V. Crutchley, competitors at the Old Harrovian Golfing Society's Meeting at Sunningdale

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

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The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 156)*

THERE is every good reason, when the cold weather arrives, for staying in London at the week-end. Nowadays the Embassy has a gala night on Saturdays, and the chef is bestirring himself. Commend me to the black potatoes from Lake Maggiore which, when cut open, are a bright purple. Commend me also to the vol-au-vent of lobster, a delicious dish which is nothing like as rich as it sounds.

MICHAEL LAFONE has once again started a night club. Its opening night was last Wednesday. It has a long name, and is situated in the Claridge Galleries. I cannot tell you more, because I have not been there yet. The Ambassadors also reopened recently. London gets gayer every night, doesn't it?

LINGFIELD was quite full the other day. Lord Mount Edgecumbe, who had a bad day until Fougasse won, looked pleased with himself after that. Mrs. Vernet had a busy time. Lady Evelyn Beauchamp was there, of course. And so was Lord Queenborough. Mr. Rowland Leigh, who was a handicapper for so many years, was seen there, and also at Sandown on Thursday. After being unable to have the smallest wager for a quarter of a century, he is quite enjoying himself.

THE usual spate of charity balls is on its way, but in a more guarded form since the abundance of skits on the subject. The Dorchester has the Three C's Ball on November 12th, with non-stop dancing, and the usual Austin saloon as the prize. Posies and button-holes will be on sale, and Mr. Sid Hyams is the chairman.

OCTOBER 31ST is the date for the Hallowe'en Ball at the Wharncliffe Rooms, with Mrs. Warren Pearl, Mrs. Wesley Waton, and Mrs. Frank D'Arcy all actively interested. So you know what to expect, and people who don't want to dance can play bridge.

I AM also reminded of the Royal Matinée at the Adelphi on November 8th. Lady Cambridge is organising it, and Marie Tempest is in charge of the programme-sellers. The King and Queen will be present, and His Majesty has asked for the revival of *Bulldog Drummond*. The caste will be a terrific one, with Edith Evans, Leslie Henson, Nelson Keys, Gladys Cooper, Cedric Hardwicke, Lyn Harding, Gordon Harker, Raymond Massey, Sir Gerald du Maurier, and Alfred Drayton.

Westminster Whispers *(Continued from page 160)*

THE appearance of the House has not been obviously altered by Sir Herbert Samuel's exit from the Front Bench. He sits, for the moment, unobtrusively on the Government's flank. But how long will he be content to stay there; or perhaps rather, how long will Lloyd George allow him to?

LL. G. is as much the Welsh Wizard as ever. His holiday has not been spent solely in winning prizes for horticultural produce. Churt has not been visited only by ardent agriculturalists, and the resignations of the Samuelites were not due entirely to "the dictates of conscience."

As for Sir John Simon, he is as happy as a child. Flying weekly to and from Geneva, he is more in the clouds than ever. The legal profession have known him for many years as "the brother of God"; but one or two Conservatives have remarked to me lately that his relationship must be even closer.

SIR JOHN SIMON'S lieutenant, Leslie Hore-Belisha, who has just been moved up to the Treasury, continues to keep his ear close to the ground. If anything 's going on, he 'll be sure not to miss it. He is, incidentally, not only one of the ablest men in the Commons; he is also one of the most ambitious. He is splendidly self-confident, has enough money and not too much, is a bachelor, and has no settled convictions other than the advancement of H.-B. An invaluable combination of qualities for a politician of thirty-four.

Is Lord Melchett a disappointed man—perhaps a little envious of others' success? His extraordinary speeches and articles can hardly be sincere. If they are, what do the other directors of I.C.I. think about it all? And what will the Company's shareholders have to say? Perhaps Lord Melchett is going to send each one of them a copy, signed, of his new book, which, I am told, is going to tell us just what is wrong with everything, and just how simply it can all be put right.

I ALWAYS love the story of Lord Melchett's father, the great Sir Alfred Mond, beginning a speech in Swansea, for which he sat, with "Ve Velshmen . . ."

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

SAFETY FIRST.

A Sane and Logical Way of Safeguarding the Complexion by Cleansing it from Within and Protecting it from Without.

IT is a reasonable and comprehensible thesis that to have a really clear and radiant complexion it is necessary to keep the pores of the skin, as well as the surface, absolutely clear of all clogging matter, whether it is the result of natural secretion or extraneous impurities, and, additionally, it is imperative to protect the complexion not only from the assaults of weather and grime, but from all sources of infection.

On these grounds, the two lotions which are really the bases of the Cyclax system of beauty culture are of special interest to amateurs of this art or, more accurately to-day, this science.

IT is the province of the "Special" lotion to clear the skin from the inside, outwards. The lotion is painted on to the face at night, and, when dry, forms a kind of mask. Its action is to draw all impurities, acids and secretions to the surface. An examination in a magnifying mirror, or even a looking-glass in a strong light, a little time after the application, will reveal the fact that the pores are clearly visible in the smooth surface of the dried lotion; this shows that they have been stimulated to open and expel impurities and foreign matter.

THE morning after the lotion has been used, whichever of the Cyclax skin foods best suits your skin should be gently massaged in, with the residue of the lotion, to soften and loosen the impurities and dead skin which have been expelled and discarded. Then the face should be washed in warm water with the special complexion soap, which dissolves and removes all grease and dirt, and acts as a thorough cleansing agent without any of the disadvantages of ordinary soap. Finally, the skin should be sluiced in cold water, to which has been added "Braceine"—a refreshing camphor lotion which braces the muscles and closes and refines the pores. Only a teaspoonful of "Braceine" is needed to a pint of water, and it has the effect of making the water ice-cold, thereby replacing the use of ice-packs, which, in the case of thin and deilcate skins, are apt to induce broken veins.

THE skin is now thoroughly clean and refreshed. Even after one treatment, the complexion will be perceptibly fairer and clearer. This treatment should be carried out two or three times a week to begin with, and when the complexion is sallow or sluggish. Once it has resumed its normal activity and clarity, one treatment a week will be found to be sufficient to keep it in condition.

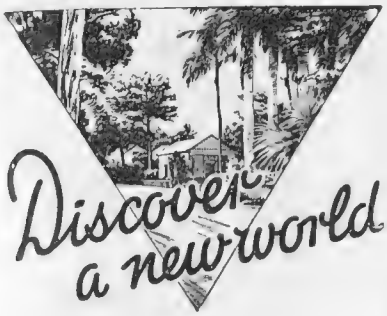
Washing is a specific part of this cleansing process. When the special complexion soap is used, there need be no fear of the irritation and dryness which some sensitive skins suffer as the result of ordinary ablutions. But if the water is particularly hard, it is well to add to it some reliable water-softener, such as the specially prepared oatmeal advocated by Cyclax.

Having achieved cleanliness and clearness, the next preoccupation of the woman who wants to keep a fair and youthful complexion must be its protection.

THIS is where the Cyclax day lotions become important. They are made up in a variety of shades to suit all types of complexion, dry, normal, or oily. Spread over the skin evenly with the tips of the fingers, they not only form a perfect base for powder, but they *safeguard the complexion from all ill-effects of climatic and atmospheric changes and from the encroachment of dirt or infective germs.*

So impalpable are the Cyclax day lotions that they give a natural radiance to the complexion without any effect of "make-up." They are a revelation to women who have only had experience of ordinary "liquid powders."

There are many other excellent Cyclax preparations, and the skin foods are among the few creams which have tonic as well as nutritive properties, but I have chosen to particularise about the special lotion and day lotion because they differentiate this system from others and are founded on a logical basis for the cult of the perfect complexion.



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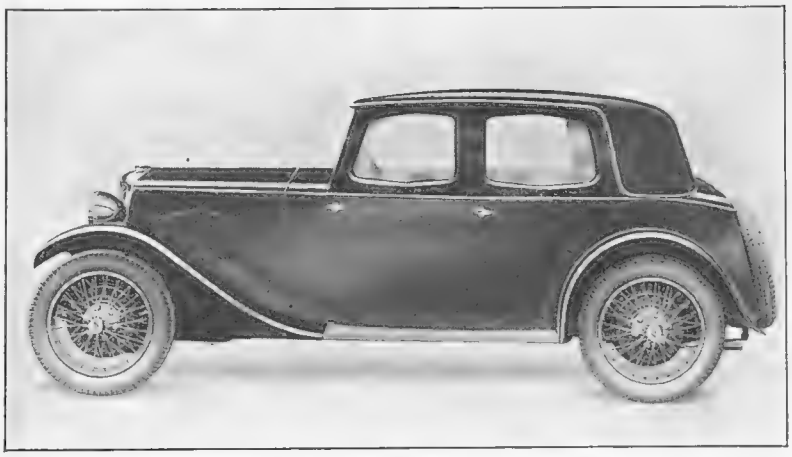

The 1933 edition of the Riley Nine "Monaco" (£298), now in its fifth year of prosperity

Night-Driving Problems

By The Earl of Cardigan

WHAT sort of picture, I wonder, is nowadays conjured up in the mind of the average motorist by the words "night-driving"? Is it a pleasant or unpleasant one? Does he envisage long open stretches of road, bright as day in the glare of his head-lamps, over which he can cruise, as it were, in a world of his own at steady unrestricted speed; or does he see himself hemmed in amid a jostling crowd, continually dazzled by on-coming lights, and in perpetual dread of the arrogant unlighted cyclist?

Just at present, when lighting-up time finds the great majority of vehicles still on the road, I am afraid that the unpleasant picture is usually the truthful one. Night-driving can be delightful, but chiefly in summer, when one happens to be out after most other motorists have retired. If one is not too tired, driving late at night is a real pleasure, particularly owing to the phenomenon which makes most engines run, or appear to run, after dark, with additional power and smoothness.

Driving through heavy traffic at night is, however, to most people something of a penance. There are some motorists, in fact, who habitually avoid night-driving altogether, or, when it cannot be avoided, tackle it only with the most anxious apprehension. That there is some cause for anxiety is proved by the number of night accidents, many of them serious or fatal.

Wherein does the difficulty and danger lie? Not in the risk of collision at cross-roads, certainly, for the glare of head-lamps, thrown on the road well ahead of the car itself, serves as a much better and more effective warning than the electric horn on which we rely during daylight hours. The "blind" corner practically ceases to exist.

There is, however, some danger of accidents through reckless drivers trying to overtake improperly and "cutting in." This, I think, is due to the difficulty experienced by the overtaking driver in estimating the speed and distance of the oncoming car. When he is about to overtake, he sees lights approaching from a distance, but cannot tell whether he is faced by a slow car 500 yards away, or a fast car only 200 yards away. Foolishly, he decides to "chance it," tries to squeeze through, is dazzled, hesitates, and crashes.

I SUPPOSE that I have had as much experience of night-driving as most people, yet I must frankly admit that I still find myself quite unable to estimate correctly the speed and distance of oncoming vehicles. I do not say that it is impossible to do so; merely that it is beyond my ability, and, I suspect, beyond the ability of most drivers whose eyesight and judgment are of the normal standard. This being so, I invariably assume, for safety's sake, that the approaching car is travelling fast and at no great distance. Naturally, I sometimes miss a fair chance of overtaking, but this policy saves me a lot of perplexity, and has, so far, kept me out of trouble.

A much more serious danger arises from the unlighted, or poorly lighted, cyclist. There is no doubt, I am afraid, that the police habitually neglect their duty where cyclists are concerned, and that no real effort is made to enforce the use of an efficient rear light or reflector. The result is that rear lights nowadays are rare, and reflectors, although fairly common, are generally useless owing to a permanent coating of mud.

WHAT is the unfortunate motorist to do? His best plan, I believe, is to pay very special attention to the angle at which his head-lamps are set. It is most essential that one of them should, in all circumstances, be directed to the point at which the driver wishes to locate latent cyclists or pedestrians—that is to say, on the left-hand kerb about fifty yards ahead. This position will vary somewhat with different drivers, but it must be sufficiently close to make an individual, even in dark clothes, clearly visible, yet sufficiently far out to enable the car to be pulled up safely from its normal cruising speed.

This vital point must be fully illuminated, even when the lamps are dipped. If, under normal circumstances, the illumination is provided by the left-hand lamp, then, when this has been dipped, the right-hand lamp must take its place. Of the two beams of light from the head-lamps, one must always be focussed in this particular direction. It is not difficult to obtain the necessary adjustment.

But, it may be argued, what is the use of fussing over the precise setting of one's lamps, when there are so many cars about whose dazzling lights prevent one seeing anything at all? It is a fact that many motorists either omit to dip their lamps or, in the case of old cars, possess no dipping mechanism; and there certainly are few things more unpleasant than a powerful beam of light projected straight into one's eyes.

I suggest, however, that it is very rarely that one need be completely dazzled. If one is driving a car with very feeble lights, and meets a car fitted with lights of great power, it is true that no ordinary pair of eyes can withstand the dazzling effect. The only safe procedure is to pull up, or to reduce speed to a walking pace.

Such an encounter, fortunately, is rare, and it is far more usual to meet lights of approximately the same power as one's own. In this case, the question of dazzle will not arise if one can resolutely avoid looking into the approaching glare. The best plan is to fix one's eyes upon one's own side of the road, steering about one foot out from the near-side kerb.

TO look at the other car in passing it is quite unnecessary. Having made sure that one is giving it sufficient space, one can keep track of its movements by a mere glance out of the corner of one's eye. Meanwhile, the vital patch of road fifty yards ahead is illuminated by one's own lights, and by gazing steadfastly at this, one can go ahead in safety.

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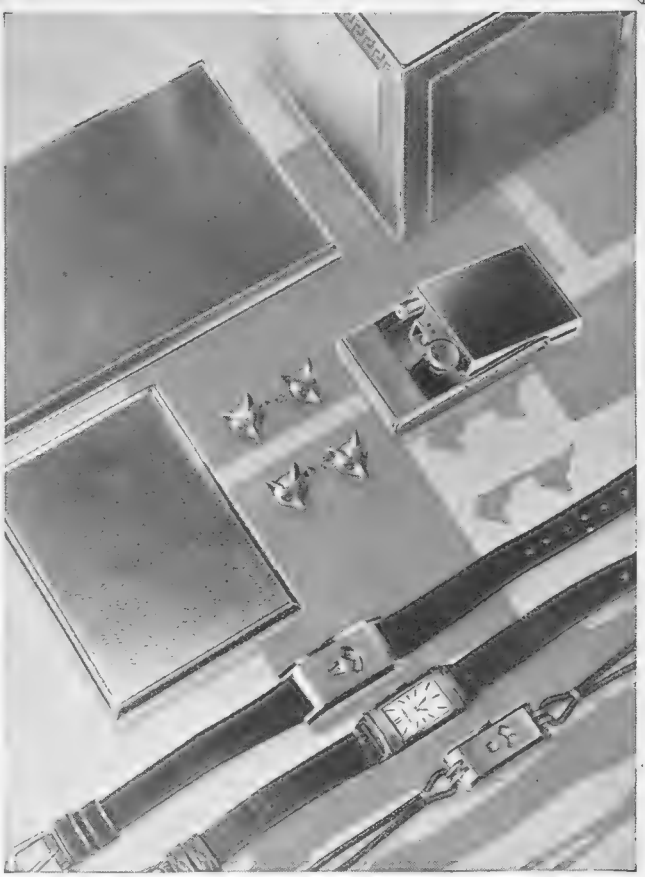

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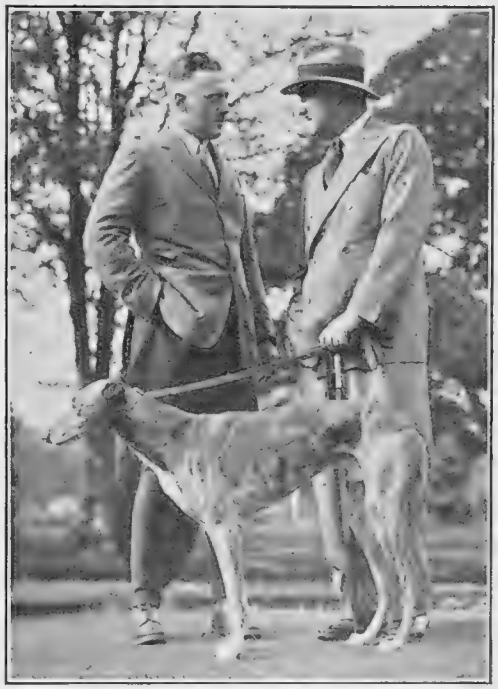
Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

A GREAT deal of the success of greyhound racing—for even the greatest critics of the sport find themselves now compelled to admit that greyhound racing has come to stay—has been due to the efforts of track managements to add to the amenities and comforts of their patrons at all the racecourses. Recently, additional covered stand accommodation and luxurious clubs have been built all over the country, and these will ensure that the record attendances which were set up at various tracks last winter will be eclipsed during the coming months.

THE Greyhound Racing Association, which is invariably the first body to experiment with any idea likely to benefit the sport, recently installed at the White City a new lighting system, which I described at some length on this page a short time ago. This has already established itself as a success, and has proved a popular innovation. But the first time that it was in use during a classic event was for the recently-run final of the British Greyhound Championship. The big crowd which came to see this race was obviously satisfied with the improvement in lighting which has been effected: the old lighting system was good enough, but this new one is still better, and enables even the short-sighted to follow the events of a race with much greater ease. And it has an additional advantage which I do not think has yet been touched upon in the Press: occasionally in London, where fogs are not so unknown as they might be, a meeting has to be abandoned because of fog. It cannot be claimed that the new lighting has laid this fog bogy for good and all, but it certainly should do much to lessen the number of abandoned meetings caused by fog, which is, after all, the greatest enemy of the sport.



General Critchley (right), in conversation with Colonel Cameron, Racing Manager to the G.R.A., holding his famous hurdler, Matchless Martin

THE British Greyhound Championship has been a success. This is the first year in which the event has taken place, and a large number of dogs were entered from all over the country. Disorder represented the White City in the Final, but on its home track could only finish third to the brilliant Beef Cutlet; the big black dog, Dee Tern, coming in second. Beef Cutlet was a very hot favourite, odds of four to one being laid on his chance, and he put up the very fine time of 29·94 seconds for the distance. Beef Cutlet has proved himself a brilliant performer this year and is, I understand, now to have a short rest after his successful energies of the last few weeks; he has certainly well-earned this holiday.

THE point which surprised me very much was the price returned by the Totalisator against Dee Tern getting a place. There were only four runners in this Final, and my own impression was that Beef Cutlet was an absolute certainty, with Dee Tern and Disorder to fight out the second place between them. Yet the Totalisator returned two to one against Dee Tern's chance of second place. I suppose the explanation is that, before the race, there must have been many other people on the track, with the same sort of ideas as myself, who were prepared to back Disorder rather than Dee Tern out of loyalty to the White City. But I think I would always expect to see the big black dog beat Disorder, who was, after all, a very lucky winner over Suitsus in the Final of the eliminating White City Championship.

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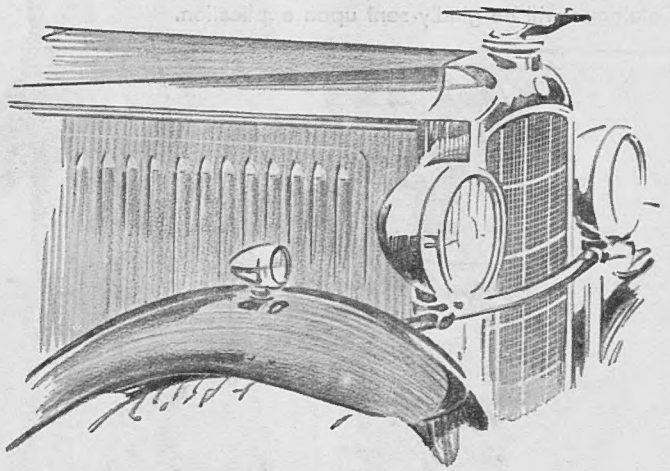

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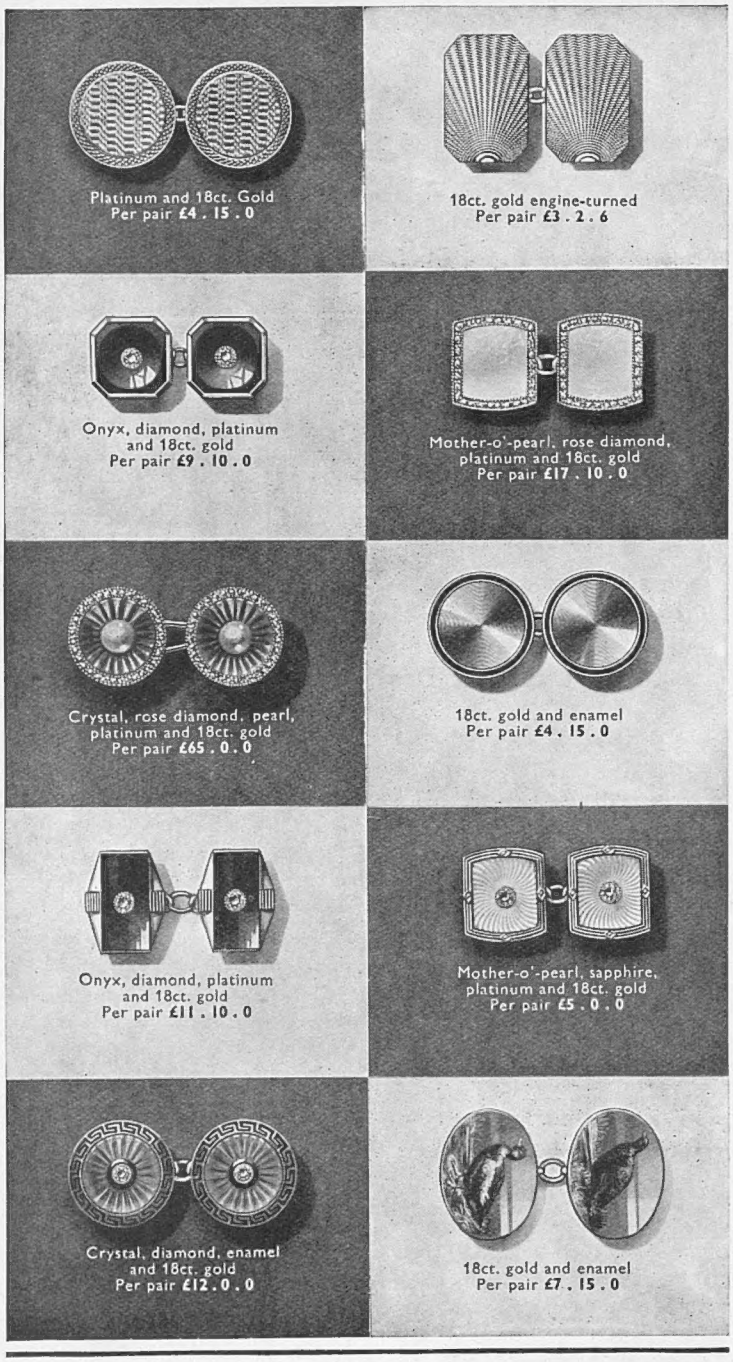

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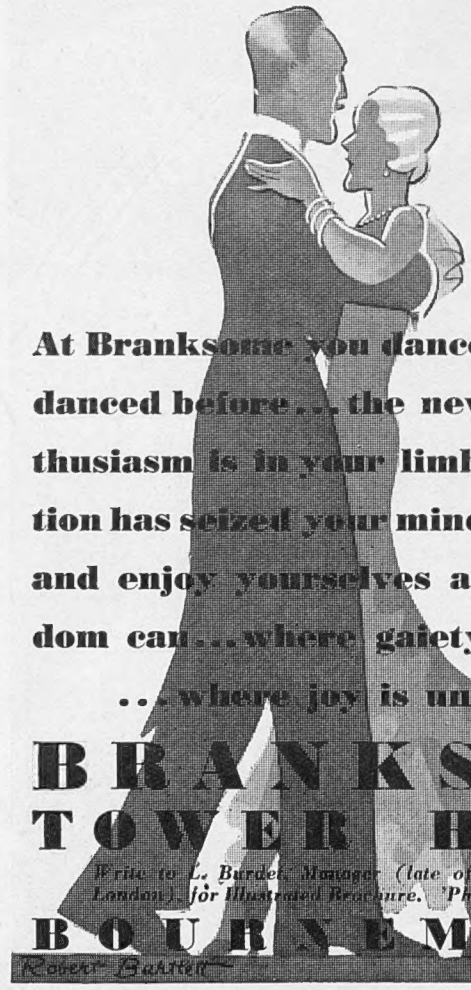

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